THE

THEATRICAL RECORDER:

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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MONTHLY LIST.

London:

Printed by C. Mercier and Co. No. 6, Northumberland-court.

Where the Work may be procured:

And at all the BOOKSELLERS;

And published for the Author, by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row.

1805.

MINNA VON BARNHELM:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE GERMAN OF LESSING,

BY FANNY HOLCROFT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, a disbanded Officer.

COUNT VON BRUCHSALL, the Uncle of MINNA.

RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIERE.

PAUL WERNER, formerly Serjeant to the Major.

JUSTIN, Valet to the Major.

LANDLORD.

A SOLDIER.

MINNA VON BARNHELM, Neice to the Count.

FANNY, her Waiting Maid.

A LADY in Mourning.

The SCENE lies alternately in the Landlord's Hall, and an adjoining Room.

MINNA VON BARNHELM:

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

JUSTIN *sleeping in a Corner of the Hall.*

Justin. (*dreaming.*)

RASCALLY Landlord! Such an affront to us! Fall on, comrade, fall on! (*waking*) Hey day? Again? I never sleep but I trim the rogue well. Oh! that I durst do as much when I am awake! But it is day; I must seek my poor master. With my good will, he should never set foot in this cursed house again! Where has he been all night?

SCENE II.—*Enter* Landlord.

Land. Good morrow, Mr. Justin! So early? Or shall I say so late?

Justin. Say what you please.

Land. Nay, surely, I deserve a civil answer!

Just. (*sneering*) A civil answer!

Land. Want of rest makes one peevish: what can have detained your master all night?

Just. Can't you guess?

Land. Perhaps I may.

Just. (*going*) Your servant.

Land. (*detaining him*) Nay, Mr. Justin——

Just. Let me go!

Land. Your resentment must not outlive the night.

Just. Many nights!

Land. That is unchristian!

Just. Less so than turning a brave officer into the street, because he cannot immediately pay.

Land. Fie! Who could be so uncharitable?

Just. A Christian Landlord!—So worthy a man! So brave an officer!

Land. I do this? Oh fie! My veneration is too obsequious, my pity too great for a disbanded officer: necessity forced me to remove him to another apartment—Forget and forgive, Mr. Justin. (*calls*) Holla!—(*enter* Waiter) The brandy! Mr. Justin, you must take a drop of comfort!

Just. Take poison! If I do—— Hold! I'll not swear with an empty stomach.

Land. (Waiter *brings the bottle and goes off*) Here comes the liquor of life! This will revive you, Mr. Justin!

Just. (*aside*) It is against the grain! But it's for the good of my health! Savage! (*drinks.*)

Land. Bravo, Mr. Justin!

Just. Not amiss! But, look you, Mr. Landlord, between ourselves, you are an uncivil person.

Land. No such thing! Here, here; another dram.

Just. Excellent! Is it of your own manufacture?

Land. Fie! genuine Dantzick, double distilled!

Just. Mr. Landlord, I can't flatter: you are an uncivil person!

Land. Come, come, once more; all good things should be tripled.

Just. Agreed! (*drinks*) So I tell you again, you are an uncivil person.

Land. Were I so, should I patiently bear this!

Just. An ass kicks but seldom.

Land. One more glass, Mr. Justin?

Just. Enough is enough! I stand to my text. Your brandy is excellent, but—— Fie! What, turn my master out of his chamber in his absence! He who has spent his money like a prince! Never left a dollar unpaid, till this last month!

Land. Your master himself would have given his consent. The hotels are all full: and would you turn a beautiful young lady into the street? Your master is too gallant! Is not another apartment ready for him?

Just. Facing a stable!

Land. 'Tis a pity! The prospect would else be charming! 'Tis well furnished.

Just. Has been.

Land. And your little chamber—oh, is a jewel!

Just. With a smoky chimney!

Land. Not in summer!

Just. I burn with anger!

Land. 'Tis only the brandy.

Just. In war time every officer is a prince! A month's peace, and so insolent already!

Land. You are so quarrelsome, Mr. Justin!

Just. I will be quarrelsome!

SCENE III.—*Enter* TELLHEIM.

Tell. (*entering*) Justin!

Just. (*thinking the* Landlord *spoke*) No familiarity!

Tell. Justin!

Just. Keep your distance!

Land. St! Mr. Justin! Here is your master!

Tell. Justin, must I complain of your rudeness!

Just. (*aside*) Oh that I durst knock that landlord down!

Land. Mr. Justin took your honor's part: I admire his zeal.

Just. (*aside*) The traitor!

Land. Though it makes him unjust. I hope your honor——

Tell. No excuses, landlord; I am in your debt; you let my room in my absence; you must be paid, and I must seek another lodging.

Land. Another lodging? How unfortunate I am! No, the lady shall rather go!

Tell. Friend, do not make bad worse: the lady must keep the chamber.

Land. Can your honor suppose I was afraid! The sealed bag of *louis d'ors*, which your honor left, is in safe hands.

Tell. No doubt, as well as the rest of my effects. You will deliver them to Justin, when he discharges your bill.

Land. When I found the bag, I was electrified. I always thought your honor a provident gentleman, but, could I have imagined there had been money in the bureau——

Tell. You would have been more ceremonious? Leave us, friend.

Land. But your honor——

Tell. Justin! (*going.*)

Land. I am gone! My whole house is at your honor's devotion! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Just. (*stamping*) Shame on him, dog!

Tell. What is the matter?

Just. My blood boils!

Tell. You are too hot-headed.

Just. A wretch! I could strangle him with pleasure!

Tell. Brute!

Just. Better be that than such a hound!

Tell. What would you have me do?

Just. Feel the insult properly.

Tell. Well?

Just. And—no, the fellow is beneath *your* notice!

Tell. But I might leave my vengeance to you? Such was my intention; you shall pay the bill. I know you can present money with a certain contemptuous air——

Just. An excellent plan.

Tell. But it must be deferred: I have no cash.

Just. No cash! The five hundred dollars?

Tell. Are disposed of.

Just. But not the hundred pistoles that Werner brought?

Tell. My old serjeant, honest soul! They are not mine.

Just. You may use them without scruple.

Tell. Indeed!

Just. I told him how matters stood: he knows——

Tell. That I am all but ruined; and Werner is willing to share his scanty pittance with me. I suspected as much! Justin, give me your account: we must part.

Just. Part, Sir?

Tell. Not a word!—Who is this?

SCENE V.—*Enter a* Lady *in Mourning.*

La. Excuse my intrusion, Sir!

Tell. Whom do you seek, Madam?

La. Yourself, honored Sir: you do not recollect me? My late husband had a command under you.

Tell. Heavens! dear Madam! How changed!

La. His loss threw me into an illness from which I have just recovered. I am going into the country, where a kind but equally unfortunate friend offers me an asylum.

Tell. (*to* Justin) Leave us! [*Exit* Justin.

SCENE VI.

Tell. Speak freely, dear Madam: can I serve you?

La. Sir——

Tell. Your husband was my friend: that title is sacred.

La. Ay, Sir, with you! Companions in glory, as you were, your name had been the last word on his lips, but for a wretched wife and helpless orphan!

Tell. Madam, I cannot weep: difficulties beset me; I could almost repine at Providence! Oh, my brave Marloff! How, dear Madam, can I serve you?

La. My husband died your debtor, and conjured me immediately to discharge the obligation. I have sold his few effects, and bring——

Tell. To this then I owe the honor of your visit?

La. Suffer me to——

Tell. Gently, dear Madam. Marloff my debtor? That can scarcely be. Let me see! (*looks in his pocket-book*) You are mistaken.

La. You may have mislaid his note.

Tell. No, dear Madam; I am not so careless: if it be not here, it must have been settled and destroyed.

La. Sir!

Tell. Marloff owes me nothing, but left me his eternal debtor: six years he was the faithful companion of my fortunes, and sympathized in all my joys and sorrows: his son in me shall find a second father, should fortune again smile. Just now, I am in difficulties ——

La. Generous man! Think so meanly of me! Take the money, and satisfy my scruples!

Tell. Is not my word sufficient? Would you have me plunder an orphan, the son of my friend? No, never!

La. Noble delicacy! I understand you, Sir, and will no longer wound you by refusal: ah, you knew that, to save a child, a mother would sacrifice her pride? My heart is too full for utterance!

Tell. Compose yourself, dear Madam: my future destination is uncertain, but there is an essential point: Marloff, as well as myself, had claims on the War-office: I will see the account settled.

La. Oh, Sir! May heaven and my tears be your reward!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Tell. Worthy, unfortunate matron! I must destroy Marloff's note; (*tearing a paper*) accumulated misfortunes too often harden the heart.

SCENE VIII.—*Re-enter* JUSTIN.

Tell. Justin!

Just. (*wiping his eyes*) Sir!

Tell. How! Tears?

Just. The kitchen smoked: here, Sir, is my account.

Tell. Good.

Just. Though men are hard-hearted to you, Sir, yet——

Tell. What?

Just. I could have borne to die, but——

Tell. I cannot keep you: I must learn to wait on myself. (*reading*) "Three months and a half: sum total, twenty-one crowns." Very right: but it is just I should pay the running month.

Just. Turn over, Sir.

Tell. Any thing more? (*reads*) "Due to my master!" How! "one hundred and fourteen crowns; subtracting twenty-one crowns, remains ninety-three" Are you mad?

Just. I have cost you more, Sir, I own; but my debt can't be discharged, only don't turn me away!

Tell. You owe me nothing!

Just. Owe you nothing, Sir? Will you turn me off?

Tell. That I may not become your debtor.

Just. Oh, master! Beat me! spurn me! I'll not leave you.

Tell. But you are obstinate, quarrelsome, and love revenge!

Just. I am bad enough, but not worse than a dog. Last winter, I drew a cur from the canal, he moaned so piteously: he followed me (I don't like curs) and I drove him back; but neither blows nor kicks could make him forsake me: he came with me home, lay at the threshold, suffered hunger and ill-usage, and at last, why—— I could be hard-hearted no longer; he is a cur, but he is faithful.

Tell. Justin, curb your temper, and stay.

Just. (*rejoiced*) You forget your lame arm, Sir! What could you do without me? I hate conceit, Sir, but I am the lad that would go to the devil for his master.

Tell. (*sternly*) Justin!

Just. I am dumb!

SCENE IX.—*Enter a* Footman.

Foot. Hist! Comrade!

Just. What do you want?

Foot. To speak with the officer, who lodged in that apartment.

Just. What is your business?

Foot. Compliments from my mistress, is sorry to have been the occasion that an officer should quit his apartments.

Tell. Return my kind respects to your mistress. May I ask her name?

Foot. We call her my Lady.

Tell. I mean her family name.

Foot. That I have not yet heard. Every six weeks I change my masters, so I never load my memory with their names.

Just. Bravo, comrade!

Foot. I hired myself a week ago, at Dresden,; my lady is come in search of her bridegroom.

Tell. Enough, friend: I asked your lady's name, but not her history.

Foot. Comrade, *your* master should not be *mine.* [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Tell. Justin, we must hasten our removal: this lady's civility affects me more then our landlord's rudeness. Take this ring, which I little thought would be put to such a use, borrow eighty pounds on it: the reckoning at the most will amount to thirty: pay the bill, and remove to a less fashionable hotel. I shall be at the coffee-house.

Just. Trust to me, Sir.
Tell. Remember the pistols, which hang behind my bed.
Just. Without fail.
Tell. And hark ye, Justin, do not forget your dog. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Just. If I did *I* should be the brute, not *he!* My master in possession of this valuable ring, and not wear it? Thank Heaven, Mr. Landlord, we are not yet so destitute as we appear—— He shall lend the money. Oh, how he will bite his lips, with vexation, when he sees the ring!

SCENE XII.—*Enter* WERNER.

Just. Ha! Werner! Welcome to town!
Wer. The country is my aversion! Be joyful, man, I bring you money! Where is the major?
Just. You must have met him at the door.
Wer. I came round the back way: how is he? I should have been with you last week, but——
Just. What?
Wer. You have heard of Prince Heraclius?
Just. Not I, indeed!
Wer. The hero of the East!
Just. I have heard of the seven wise men of the East.
Wer. Blockhead! You read the gazette, as you do the ten commandments, once a year. Not heard of Prince Heraclius, who has routed the Persians, and in a twinkling will overthrow the Ottoman empire. Thank my stars, the sword of glory is not every where rusting in indolence: long have I waited here in vain too see it unsheathed. I have served, and must serve again! In short, to tell you a secret, Justin, I am going to Persia, to make a campaign against the Turks, under his Highness Prince Heraclius.
Just. You?
Wer. I, Paul Werner! Did not our ancestors, peace be to their warlike souls, take up the cross to drub the infidels? They were brave lads, and good Christians! To be sure, a crusade against the French would be more amusing; but we must submit to circumstances. The sabres of the Turks glitter with jewels!——
Just. And will strike off your head at a blow! But you cannot be so mad as to think of leaving your bailiwick?
Wer. It is sold.
Just. Sold?
Wer. Hush! Here are a hundred ducats for the major.
Just. What is he to do with them?
Wer. Spend them like a gentleman: that is, at the tavern,

or the faro-table, or as he likes. Let him be merry, forget malice and misfortune, send his enemies to the devil, and away to Persia! Prince Heraclius, though he may not have heard of Serjeant Werner, cannot but know Major Tellheim! The affair at Katzenhausen——

Just. Will you relate it?

Wer. I do not throw pearls to swine. Here, take the ducats; I will return with a fresh supply.

Just. Werner, you are an honest fellow! Take back your ducats, we want them not. Your hundred pistoles are waiting for you.

Wer. The major then has money?

Just. No.

Wer. But how the devil do you live?

Just. On trust; and, when people forget the respect they owe us, we pledge our effects, pay the reckoning, and march to fresh quarters. Hark ye, Werner, we must trounce this landlord.

Wer. Has he affronted the major? Here is my hand!

Just. Let us way-lay him, at night, as he returns from the club.

Wer. Two against one? Poltroon!

Just. Set fire to his house then?

Wer. The project is worthy of a groom!

Just. Or seduce his daughter: only she is so cursed ugly!

Wer. What has he done?

Just. Come to my room, and you shall hear wonders.

Wer. Has the devil got loose among you?

Just. Fifty devils!

Wer. Hurrah! For Persia! Persia! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of* MINNA VON BARNHELM.

MINNA *in a Morning Dress:* FANNY.

Minna.

WE have risen early, and the hours drag.

Fan. Who can sleep in these noisy cities? Carriages rattling, drums beating, watchmen bawling, dogs barking, and men quarrelling, night is turned into day! A cup of tea, dear lady?

Min. Tea is insipid.

Fan. A dish of chocolate then?

Min. Make it for yourself.

Fan. I have no relish for solitary meals: time will hang heavy: we should adjourn to the toilet, and prepare for the attack.

Min. Nay, I come to ratify articles of capitulation.

Fan. The former possessor of this apartment has very ungratefully requited our civility: he ought at least to have requested an audience of thanks.

Min. How few resemble Tellheim! Indeed, my civility was interested; I hoped this officer might give me the information I want. My heart tells me, dear Fanny, that our journey will be propitious.

Fan. Ah, Madam, do not implicitly trust so flattering a counsellor! our hearts are often on the point of rushing to our lips; and, were they equally indiscreet, padlocks for them would be the mode.

Min. Ha, ha, ha! The fashion might be useful.

Fan. Better conceal a fine set of teeth, to the mortification of our beaux, than lay the heart too open.

Min. Are you so reserved, Fanny?

Fan. Would I were! Those virtues we can least claim we most extol.

Min. The remark is excellent!

Fan. A very common one.

Min. May be so; still it is excellent, for it reminds me of my Tellheim.

Fan. What does *not*, dear lady?

Min. Who ever doubted his courage; yet who ever heard him descant on valour? His integrity firm, his mind dignified, when did the words honesty and generosity escape his lips?

Fan. Of what virtue does he then speak?

Min. Of none: for in none he is deficient.

Fan. A singular exception to frail mortals!

Min. Hold, Fanny, now I recollect, he often speaks of economy; and, between ourselves, I believe the man is a spendthrift.

Fan. With your permission, dear lady, I have often heard him talk of love and fidelity: what if he prove a deceiver?

Min. Cruel girl! But you cannot be serious?

Fan. How long is it since he wrote?

Min. Alas, he has written but once since the peace!

Fan. Do you mention peace with a sigh? It was to make all right, and has set all wrong! In vain the posts are regular since they bring no letters! People now have nothing to write about.

Min. He hailed peace, as the harbinger of his felicity; yet he has not written since.

Fan. It is not very gallant, I own, to make us pursue! We should be pursued. Well, who knows? We may find him——

Min. (*in anguish*) Dead, perhaps!

Fan. To you, dear lady: but existing for a rival.

Min. Tormentor! Dread his vengeance! Yet prattle on, or we shall fall asleep. His regiment was disbanded; perhaps he is in difficulties, or sent to some distant corps! I hear a knock.

Fan. (*opening the door*) Come in.

SCENE II.—*Enter* Landlord *with Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Land. May I presume, Madam, to——

Fan. Our host: come forward.

Land. May I have the honor to wish your ladyship good morrow? and you, my pretty maid——

Fan. The man has breeding!

Min. We thank you.

Fan. And return the compliment.

Land. May I ask how your ladyship passed the night, in my poor house?

Min. The house is good, but the beds are indifferent.

Land. How! Your ladyship was restless! fatigued!

Min. Very possibly.

Land. Beyond a doubt: your ladyship has only to speak, and——

Fan. Oh, we are easily pleased. What more?

Land. I came—— (*taking the pen from behind his ear.*)

Fan. Well?

Land. Your ladyship doubtless knows the wise regulations of our police?

Min. Not in the least.

Land. A written account taken of every traveller's name, quality, residence, and each particular.

Min. Very well.

Land. With your ladyship's permission——(*drawing the table to write.*)

Min. Certainly. I am——

Land. A moment's patience. (*writes*) "August 22, Arrived at the Spanish hotel——?" Your ladyship's titles and name?

Min. Baroness Von Barnhelm.

Land. Barnhelm. Coming——?

Min. From my estates in Saxony.

Land. Saxony, your ladyship? Saxony!

Fan. I hope it is no crime!

Land. Crime? God forbid! Saxony? Ah, dear Saxony! But Saxony—Saxony has several—what shall I call them—districts, provinces? Our police is very exact, your ladyship.

Min. I understand: from my estates in Thuringen.

Land. Thuringen. That, your ladyship, is to the purpose.

(*reading*) "Baroness Von Barnhelm, coming from her estates in Thuringen, with two footmen and a waiting woman."

Fan. Waiting woman?

Land. Yes, my pretty one.

Fan. Please, Mr. Landlord, to write lady's companion. The police, you say, is very exact; some unpleasant mistake might arise. I am a spinster, my name is Fanny Willig; Thuringen is my country; my father was a miller on one of the estates of my lady, called Little Ramnsdorf; my brother now keeps the mill. I was brought up from a child, and educated, with my young lady; we had the same masters, and we are both of an age, one and twenty next Midsummer. I wish the police to be informed of every particular.

Land. Your ladyship has affairs in this city?

Min. Affairs?

Land. Perhaps you have business with his majesty?

Min. Oh, no!

Land. Or with our high college of justice?

Min. No.

Land. Or——

Min. You mistake; my own affairs bring me hither.

Land. Good! And these affairs are——

Min. Are!—Fanny, are we before an inquisitor?

Fan. The police has nothing to do with a lady's secrets?

Land. Excuse me, child; the police will know secrets in particular.

Fan. What is to be done, dear lady? Since it must be told, Mr. Landlord, but let the secret rest with the police——

Min. Madcap! what would you say?

Fan. We come to decoy one of his majesty's officers.

Land. How! What!

Fan. Or to be decoyed, which is the same.

Min. Fanny! are you mad?—Sir, she jokes.

Land. I hope not: I am nobody, but the police will not be trifled with.

Min. I am totally ignorant of these forms: my uncle will be here within a few hours; cannot you wait his arrival?

Land. Willingly.

Min. He will give pertinent answers to your inquiries.

Land. Ay, ay. (*significantly*) One cannot expect discretion from young ladies.

Min. Are my uncle's apartments ready?

Land. All but——

Fan. Another gentleman is perhaps to be dislodged?

Land. The chamber-maids of Saxony are compassionate.

Min. Indeed, Sir, you were to blame: you should rather have sent us away.

Land. Heaven forbid!

Min. The gentleman who occupied these apartme...

Land. Is a disbanded officer.

Min. Indeed!

Land. Who has no influence at court.

Min. That does not detract from his merit.

Land. Your ladyship forgets, he is dismissed the service.

Min. His majesty cannot know the merits of every man.

Land. Oh, yes, to a hair's breadth.

Min. He cannot confer benefits on all.

Land. Nor maintain all spendthrifts. In war time these officers lived like princes, swarmed like locusts, and run up bills which they never paid! My lodger indeed is an exception; and, had not something better fallen in my way, he might have staid. Pray is your ladyship versed in jewels?

Min. But indifferently.

Land. Here is a valuable ring surprisingly like one on your ladyship's finger! Only look!

Min. (*examining*) What do I see? This ring——

Land. Would bring fifteen hundred dollars.

Min. Look, Fanny!

Land. I did not scruple to lend eighty pistoles on it.

Min. Do not you recollect it?

Fan. Perfectly! Pray, Mr. Landlord, where had you this ring?

Land. Why so curious, child? Nobody has any right to it.

Fan. No right! Look, Madam! Your name is on it.

Min. It is! How came you by this ring, Sir?

Land. Honestly, on my credit! Your ladyship would not bring me into trouble? In war time, trinkets often change owners. (*to* Fanny) Return it, child.

Fan. First say from whom you had it?

Land. From an honorable man.

Min. From the best of men! Bring him hither!

Land. Who, Madam?

Fan. Who but our major?

Land. Major! True, that is his rank: this was his apartment, and the ring belongs to him.

Min. Major Von Tellheim!

Land. Yes. Does your ladyship know him?

Min. Know him! This apartment his! This ring! Where is he? How came he into embarrassment? Is he in your debt? —My casket, Fanny. Bring me your bill. I will pay it.

Land. What do I hear?

Min. Where is he?

Land. He has not left the house an hour.

Min. Unfeeling man! treat a brave officer with disrespect!

Land. Indeed, my lady——

Min. Fly! seek him!

Land. His servant is here; would you see him?
Min. Yes, send him instantly!
Fan. (*driving him off*) Quick, Mr. Landlord.
[*Exit* Landlord.

SCENE III.

Min. Oh ecstasy! He is found! My Tellheim is found! Dear Fanny, share my transports! Rejoice! Here! (*offering money*) Here! solitary joy has little charms.
Fan. (*refusing*) You are transported, dear lady. I cannot in conscience take advantage of your generosity.
Min. I will not be refused! (*giving more money*) That is for the first wounded soldier we see.

SCENE IV.—*Re-enter* Landlord.

Min. Well? Is he coming?
Land. A stubborn unmannerly churl!
Min. Who?
Land. The major's servant: he refuses to come.
Fan. Bring the creature here.
Min. We have but a word to say. [*Exit* Landlord.

SCENE V.

Min. Why do you not partake my joy!
Fan. I should most cordially if——
Min. What?
Fan. It is true your lover is found: but, from all we have heard, he must be in distress, and is no doubt unhappy: that afflicts me.
Min. Does it? Come to my arms, dear companion of my infancy! Never shall I forget this! I am in a delirium of love: you are kind and considerate.

SCENE VI.—*Re-enter* Landlord *with* JUSTIN.

Land. I have brought him at last!
Fan. A strange face!
Min. Do you serve Major Von Tellheim?
Just. Yes.
Min. Where is your master?
Just. Not here.
Min. But you know where to find him?
Just. I do.
Min. Then bring him instantly to me.
Just. I cannot.
Min. You will oblige me, and serve your master.
Just. Perhaps not.

Min. Why so?

Just. You are the lady that sent this morning?

Min. Iam. Does your master know my name?

Just. No! But he as little likes too much politeness in a lady as incivility in a Landlord.

Land. Meaning me?

Just. You.

Land. That's a trifle: but this lady, sirrah——

Min. (*aside*) Fanny, give him money!

Fan. (*offering money*) We do not wish you to serve us for nothing.

Just. Nor will give the fee without the service.

Fan. Why should we?

Just. I can't go now. I'm ordered to pack up: when I've finish'd my work I'll deliver your message. He is at the coffee-house, and if he has nothing better to do he'll come. (*going.*)

Fan. Stop! Stop! My lady is the major's sister.

Just. The major has no sisters! I know his family; but sister is a convenient name.

Fan. Impertinence!

Just. The only way to rid oneself of troublesome people. [*Exit.*

Fan. Oh the bear!

Land. I told you so! I know where to find his master: your message shall be delivered. I hope your ladyship will make my humblest excuses to the major? [*Exit.*

Min. Fly! I will make your peace. Fanny, run and desire him not to mention my name. [*Exit* Fanny.

Min. He is found! Am I alone? Let me give vent to my rapture! Yet no! I am not alone. (*looking up*) Silent adoration is most acceptable to Heaven! Tellheim! Tellheim! my heart overflows!

SCENE VII.—*Re-enter* FANNY.

Min. Ah, Fanny! Grieve not for my Tellheim! That which Fortune takes from the virtuous Heaven doubly restores.

Fan. He may be here! You are in an undress!

Min. No matter!

Fan. Ah, Madam, you know your power.

Min. And you your penetration.

Fan. Simplicity best adorns beauty.

Min. Why speak of beauty. If I am but lovely in his eyes, that is sufficient. Fanny, if all women feel like me, we are strange creatures! A compound of pride, tenderness, vanity, and wisdom! I am beside myself with joy.

Fan. I hear footsteps. Calm yourself, Madam.

Min. Receive him calmly?

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* TELLHEIM *and the* Landlord.

Tell. (*perceiving, flies to* Minna) Ah Minna!

Min. Tellheim!

Tell. (*recollecting himself*) Pardon me, Madam, to find the Baroness Von Barnhelm here——

Min. Is unexpected? (*approaching as he retreats*) I must pardon you for being still your Minna! Heaven forgive you that I am yet Minna Von Barnhelm.

Tell. Madam! (*glances at the* Landlord.)

Min. (*makes a sign to* Fanny) Sir!

Fan. Here is some mistake! Come, come, Mr. Landlord, let us seek the right person.

Land. He is here!

Fan. Oh, no! Come, I must speak with your daughter.

Land. To be sure! (*without moving.*)

Fan. Come, come! Let us examine the bill of fare!

Land. You will have for dinner——

Fan. Hush! It will take away my lady's appetite! Come. (*forces him off.*)

SCENE IX.

Min. Well, are we mistaken?

Tell. Would to Heaven that you were not!

Min. Why so grave? The whole world may hear us!

Tell. What wish you here, Madam?

Min. (*with open arms*) Nothing more! I have found my all!

Tell. (*retreating*) You sought the fortunate mortal who was worthy of your hand—You have found a wretch!

Min. Heavens! Are you faithless!

Tell. Could the man who has once loved Minna ever love another?

Min. You have but half extracted the arrow! Whether it be indifference or inconstancy, if you no longer love me, I am wretched?

Tell. The unfortunate must not love: he who cannot conquer his feelings deserves to be wretched. When reason and necessity commanded me to forget Minna, how severe was the struggle! I began to hope the cruel victory might in time be obtained: you, Madam, appear, and——

Min. Do I rightly understand you?——Before we proceed, let us know the ground we tread. Will you answer one question?

Tell. Any you please.

Min. Without circumlocution? Simply no, or yes?

Tell. Yes——if it be in my power.

Min. It is. Do you still love me?

Tell. This question, Madam——

Min. You have promised directly to answer!

Tell. Yes, if I could.

Min. You must know your heart! Do you still love me, Tellheim? Yes, or no.

Tell. If my heart——

Min. Yes, or no?

Tell. Yes!

Min. Yes!

Tell. Yes! But——

Min. Patience! You still love me? That is sufficient! Let me recover myself!——Well, my dear sorrowful knight, you love your Minna, she is yours, and still you are unhappy! Simple girl! I flattered myself your happiness was centered in me! Quick, let us hear your misfortunes!

Tell. I am not wont to complain.

Min. Good! Complaint as little becomes a soldier as boasting: but there is a certain cold and negligent manner——

Tell. Which is equally unbecoming.

Min. My good Sir, you should either have said nothing or all. Reason and necessity command you to forget me? I admire reason, and respect necessity; but I love to be convinced.

Tell. Listen, Madam. It is true, I am Tellheim; but not the Tellheim you knew in Saxony, rich in glory, flourishing in his circumstances, unsullied in honor! who, though he did not merit your hand, might hope to become worthy of the inestimable gift. That Tellheim is no more! You see a beggar! a cripple! stript of his rank, and injured in his honor! Can you cast away a thought on such a wretch?

Min. A very pitiful story! But there is a spell in the name of Tellheim; and, till I recover the sprightly lover I have lost, I must be content with this sorrowful Necessitarian! Your hand, dear beggar!

Tell. (*concealing his face*) This is too much! Where am I? Leave me, Madam.——Your goodness is torture! Leave me!

Min. Why so agitated? Where would you go?

Tell. Away from you.

Min. From me! (*pressing his hand to her heart*) Visionary!

Tell. Despair will cast me a corpse at your feet!

Min. Leave me?

Tell. Never to see you more! at least till I am the master of my feelings. Leave me, Minna! (*breaks from her.*)

Min. (*following him*) Minna leave you? Tellheim, Tellheim! [*The Scene closes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Hall:* JUSTIN *with a Letter.*

Justin

I MUST again enter these cursed doors!——A letter from my master to the young lady who called herself his sister! When these letters once begin, there is no end to them. I wish it were safe out of my hands; but I hate to go in to the lady: I shall be questioned and cross-questioned. Ha! the door opens! here comes the chambermaid.

SCENE II.—*Enter* FANNY.

Fan. (*speaking*) Fear nothing, Madam, I will watch for him! Ah, here is his valet! A bear!

Just. Your servant!

Fan. Well, Sir?

Just. Excuse my bluntness: here is a letter from my master to his *sister!* Was it not?

Fan. (*snatching the letter*) Give it!

Just. My master begs you will deliver it, and further begs—— Do not imagine the request comes from me!

Fan. Well?

Just. The major knows the road to the mistress is by the maid—My master, I say, begs a quarter of an hour's private conversation, young maiden.

Fan. With me?

Just. Pardon me if I miscalled you! Yes, with you. Only for a few moments! he has something very particular to tell you.

Fan. I have as much to tell him! He may come.

Just. But when? In the evening?

Fan. Directly! He may come, and you may go.

Just. (*going*) With all my heart.

Fan. A word! Where are the major's people?

Just. Here, there, every where.

Fan. Mr. William?

Just. The valet? Sent on his travels.

Fan. So! And Philip?

Just. The huntsman? On another scent!

Fan. In the country, no doubt! But Martin?

Just. The coachman? Absent these two months.

Fan. And Fritz?

Just. The footman? He is promoted.

Fan. You were not in the major's service last winter?

Just. Oh, yes! His groom is quartered at the hospital.

Fan. And you are now——?

Just. Valet, huntsman, footman, and groom.

Fan. What did your master find in *you* to prefer?

Just. He found me, perhaps, an honest lad.

Fan. Honesty without skill is of little use. Mr. William was quite a different man! Your master sent him to travel?

Just. Yes: what cannot be cured must be endured.

Fan. How?

Just. Oh, Mr. William travelled away with his master's wardrobe!

Fan. What? Without meaning to return?

Just. I can't say: he never mentioned it.

Fan Oh the knave!

Just. The prince of valets! dress hair, shave, talk, and—flatter to perfection! Hey?

Fan. But the huntsman? Philip was a clever lad! To whom did he part with him?

Just. To the commander of Spandau.

Fan. The fortress? It is not hunting ground!

Just. Oh, Philip does not hunt now!

Fan. What then?

Just. He wheels a barrow!—just for his amusement.

Fan. A barrow!

Just. Only for three years! He raised a trifling conspiracy, in the major's regiment, and nearly brought six men to the halberds.

Fan. Amazement! The traitor!

Just. Oh! A huntsman of a thousand!

Fan. The honest coachman! Where is he gone?

Just. Ten weeks ago, he rode on the major's last and finest horse to the river's side.

Fan. And has not returned?

Just. Oh, the river! Swallowed up, perhaps. Honest Martin! An excellent coachman! Drove the first people in Vienna! The major will never meet his fellow!

Fan. I begin to tremble for the promotion of Fritz.

Just. Make yourself easy: he carries a musket.

Fan. Ha!

Just. Fritz kept tiptop company and fashionable hours, ran fashionably into debt, did not know his master's money from his own, and, in short, had so many high notions——(*making signs of hanging.*)

Fan. Oh the vagabond!

Just. Mercury himself could not be lighter heeled. Fritz as hitherto escaped the galleys, but all in good time! Are not you proud of your good friends, Mr. William, Philip, Martin, and Fritz? Justin recommends himself to your favor.

[*Exit.*

Fan. I deserve the reproof, and shall not forget the lesson. Unfortunate major! (*going.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* Landlord.

Land. A moment, if you please, child.

Fan. I am in haste.

Land. Only a moment. No news of the major? That could scarcely be his parting visit.

Fan. What do you mean?

Land. Has not your lady told you?—When I left you in the kitchen, child, I came here——

Fan. To listen a little.

Land. Curiosity in a landlord! Oh fie! I had not long been here when your lady's door opened, and the major rushed out: the baronness flew after him, both in such a flurry and disorder! She catched his arm; he broke away; she catched it again, "Tellheim!" cried she:—"Madam, let me go!"—"Where?" They came arguing this way to the staircase: I was afraid she would be hurt! However, he got away, and your lady stood like a stock, called after him, and wrung her hands; then she ran to the window! then hurried to the stairs! then gave a bounce to the hall! and here I stood! She whisked by me three times! At last, I believe, she did see me, but mistook me for you. "Fanny," said she, her eyes turned toward me, "am I happy? Am I happy now?" And she looked so wild. She then wiped her eyes, smiled, and cried again, "Am I happy now?" I was turned to stone.

Fan. Mr. Landlord, you have been dreaming!

Land. Dreaming? No, child, dreams are not so circumstantial. I am not curious, but I would give the world to have the key to——

Fan. Our apartment? No; my lady and I are timorous.

Land. Pshaw! the key to this strange scene.

Fan. Very possibly. Is dinner almost ready?

Land. You will not forget——

Fan. What?

Land. Your lady has my—the major's ring.

Fan. You shall not be the loser.

Land. Oh, I have not the least fear! It is better in her hands: the hundred pistoles I lent may be placed to her account; may they not?

SCENE IV.—*Enter* Werner.

Wer. There he stands!

Fan. A hundred? I thought it but eighty.

Land. True, only ninety.

Fan. All in good time, Mr. Landlord.

Wer. (*tapping* Fanny *on the shoulder*) Young woman!

Fan. (*startled*) Hey!

Wer. Don't be frightened! Beware of that man!

Land. Ha! Mr. Werner! This is an unexpected pleasure! What, as waggish as ever! Beware of me! Ha, ha, ha!

Wer. Keep out of his way! You are young and handsome.

Land. Do you hear, child? I am quite dangerous! Ha, ha, ha! Twenty years back, indeed! But now——

Wer. An old fool!

Land. Ay! You will be old yourself by and by!

Wer. Young woman, I don't suppose your virtue is in danger: but though one devil may be exorcised, there are a dozen behind.

Land. Ha, ha, ha! A good joke! Mr. Werner is a wag, but a worthy man! (*to* Fanny *in a loud whisper*) In good circumstances and single! Has an excellent bailiwick a few miles off! He was our major's serjeant and warm friend; would die to serve him!

Wer. True: and you would see him starve.

Land. Nay, Mr. Werner, that is carrying the joke too far!

Wer. Justin has told me a pretty tale!

Land. Justin? Ha! I thought so! Justin is a spiteful churl! Ask this young woman if I am not friendly to the major; if I have not done him service! Why should I not be his friend? Is he not a man of merit? He is dismissed the service, but what of that? The king cannot know and reward all the brave men in his army!

Wer. Not unless he were a god! Justin is no saint, but he is an honest lad, and——

Land. Do not mention him! Listen to this young woman! (*whispers* Fanny) You remember the ring. (*aloud*) Justify me to Mr. Werner! Teach him to know me better! I will leave you together, and you'll find, Mr. Werner, that Justin is a backbiter. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Wer. You know the major, young woman?

Fan. Major Tellheim? Oh, yes. Excellent man!

Wer. Is he not?—Do you wish him well?

Fan. From the bottom of my soul!

Wer. Indeed?—You are as handsome as an angel! But what is the boasted service of this smooth-tongued landlord?

Fan. That is more than I know; unless indeed he arrogate to himself the fortunate consequences of his brutal conduct.

Wer. Then Justin did not belie him? 'Tis well he went! Rascal! to treat so brave an officer with disrespect, because the fool supposed him to be short of cash!

Fan. And is he not?

Wer. Heaven forbid! He knows not how much is owing to

him; I am in his debt! This bag contains a hundred louis-d'ors, and here is another of a hundred ducats: all the major's.

Fan. Indeed? Why then borrow? He pledged a ring.

Wer. Oh, perhaps a trinket he wished to part with.

Fan. No; a ring received from dear hands!

Wer. Dear hands! Ay, ay, such tokens are often troublesome.

Fan. How?

Wer. In winter quarters, the soldier is treated like a prince! and a ring is clapped on his finger at parting; though he would often give the finger to be rid of the bauble.

Fan. Was that the major's case?

Wer. Certainly: especially in Saxony, where, had he had ten fingers on each hand, he must have taken as many rings.

Fan. (*aside*) Indeed! (*aloud*) Mr. Bailiff, or Mr. Serjeant——

Wer. The name of Serjeant is most agreeable.

Fan. Well, then, Mr. Serjeant, I am going to deliver a letter, from the major to my lady. I shall be back in a moment, if you will have the goodness to wait.

Wer. Willingly.

Fan. I shall presently return. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Wer. An agreeable young woman: but I should not have promised to wait! My first care must be to seek the major. He refuses my money, and rather borrows! Quite in character! I must deceive him into acceptance. The last time I was in town, I visited the widow Marloff, who lay on a sick bed, and lamented that her husband had died four hundred dollars in the major's debt, which she had no means of paying. I called to-day with the intention to lend her five hundred ducats, when I should receive the money which the sale of my bailiwick will bring me—for I must provide against accidents in Persia—but she had just taken her departure for the country: she cannot have paid the major! Yes, I'll do it! the sooner the better! The young woman must not take it amiss; I cannot wait. (*going, runs against the major.*)

SCENE VII.—*Enter* TELLHEIM.

Tell. So deep in thought, Werner?

Wer. I was going to your new quarters, major.

Tell. With complaints against my old landlord?

Wer. That was not all: Justin has returned the hundred louis you were so kind as to keep for me. I am sorry for it; but you were removing to new lodgings, and one cannot be too cautious.

Tell. (*smiling*) You are grown prudent, Werner.

Wer. Oh, prudence, comes sooner or later; and money is scarce. Apropos: I come from the widow of Marloff, who owed you four hundred dollars: she sends you a hundred ducats for the present; the remainder you will have in a few days. Here they are. (*offers the bag of ducats.*)

Tell. Werner!

Wer. Why do you look? Take the bag, Sir.

Tell. Werner!

Wer. What is the matter? What vexes you?

Tell. (*bitterly striking his forehead*) The sum is incomplete!

Wer. She will send the rest: did not you hear? Understand me?

Tell. Too well. That the best people should be my greatest torment!

Wer. What say you?

Tell. Go, Werner. (*refusing the ducats.*)

Wer. When you have freed me from this load.

Tell. Marloff's widow has been here.

Wer. How?

Tell. She owes me nothing.

Wer. Indeed?

Tell. I have no claim on her. What say you now?

Wer. (*pause*) That I am a liar! and that lying is the devil!

Tell. Do not take shame to yourself!

Wer. You forced me to deceit, and ought to blush. Indeed, Sir, since the truth must be spoken, your conduct gives me great pain!

Tell. Do not be offended, Werner! I know and do justice to your heart, but I am not in want of money.

Wer. No! you would rather pledge your effects, and expose your affairs to strangers.

Tell. I would not appear richer than I am.

Wer. But why poorer? As long as our friends have money, we are not destitute.

Tell. It does not become me to be your debtor.

Wer. Become? On a sultry day, when in close pursuit of the enemy, when your servant was not at hand to give the refreshing draught, how often would you drink out of my tin can! Did that become you? Was not a pint of dirty water then worth a pint of dross? Take the money, Sir! Think it is water.

Tell. You torture me! I cannot, will not be your debtor.

Wer. First, it *did not become you*: now you *will not be my debtor*. Suppose you were that already, Sir? Or do you owe the man nothing, who at one time warded off the stroke of death? and at another struck off the arm that was levelled at your heart? Is my neck of less value than my purse? Oh, ill-judged pride!

Tell. Werner, you forget yourself! We are alone, therefore I can speak freely; but, were a third person here, it would be boasting. I acknowledge with pleasure that you have twice saved my life; but say, friend, would I not have done as much for you, had an opportunity offered?

Wer. Who can doubt it, Sir? Have I not seen you risk your life for the commonest soldier?

Tell. True.

Wer. But——

Tell. Why will not you rightly understand me? I say I cannot, will not be your debtor; that is, under my present circumstances.

Wer. Ay, ay! You will not borrow, till you have no occasion for my assistance, or till I need yours.

Tell. Not borrow when I have not the means to repay; and least of all from those who want their money.

Wer. (*ironically*) And I am one of those! What do I want with money? A good serjeant may always find employment, where there is war.

Tell. You ought to be more than a serjeant; money is necessary to advance you in a career in which merit alone has but an ill chance.

Wer. More than a serjeant? No; a good serjeant would make but a bad captain, and a worse general, as experience proves.

Tell. Do not give me an ill opinion of you, Werner! The information Justin gave was most unwelcome. You would sell your bailiwick, and wish to lead an unsettled life. I almost fear it is not the profession, but the wild and dissipated life which is unfortunately annexed to it, that you love: a soldier ought to fight for his country! To serve this prince to-day, and that to-morrow, is being nothing better than a vagabond!

Wer. Well, Sir, you know best. I will remain as I am, but take the money: to-morrow your affair will be settled, and you will have plenty of cash; you may then repay it with interest.

Tell. Say no more on the subject.

Wer. I only speak for myself. I have often thought what would become of me, when age and hard service have disabled me: but my courage quickly revived when I remembered that Major Tellheim would not suffer me to go to the hospital, or workhouse, but would share his last shilling with me.

Tell. (*taking his hands*) And do not you think so now?

Wer. No: the man, who will not take what *he* wants and I can spare, will not give when I am in want and he is rich. Your servant, Sir. (*going.*)

Tell. Man! Drive me not mad! Where would you go? (*detaining him*) If I pledge my word that I have still money, that I will tell you when it is gone, and that you shall be

the only person to whom I will apply for more, will you be satisfied?

Wer. Enough. Your hand, major!

Tell. There, Paul! No more on the subject. I came to speak with a young girl.

SCENE VIII.—FANNY *from her Lady's Chamber.*

Fan. (*entering*) Are you there, Mr. Serjeant?—And you too, Sir. (*seeing the Major*) I will return in a moment.

[*Exit hastily into the chamber.*

SCENE IX.

Tell. So, you are acquainted, Werner?

Wer. Yes.

Tell. You were not with me at Thuringen!

Wer. No; I was at Leipsic.

Tell. Where did you meet with her?

Wer. Here: we are old friends, but new acquaintance.

Tell. Have you seen her lady?

Wer. No. Is she single?

Tell. Yes.

Wer. Handsome?

Tell. Beautiful.

Wer. Rich?

Tell. Very.

Wer. You are a fortunate man, if she be as partial to you as t'other young woman.

Tell. Explain!

SCENE X.—*Enter* FANNY *with a Letter.*

Fan. Major Tellheim!

Tell. Dear Fanny, I have not yet told you how glad I am to see you!

Fan. I know your kind wishes, Sir, and have your interest truly at heart; but it is cruel thus to afflict your friends.

Wer. (*to himself*) I see how it is!

Tell. Blame my fate! Have you delivered my letter?

Fan. Yes: and here is the answer.

Tell. An answer?

Fan. No; your own letter.

Tell. How? Will not she read it?

Fan. We are afraid of spoiling our eyes.

Tell. Fanny, Fanny!

Fan. We have tongues, and think letters useless.

Tell. It must be read! it contains all the reasons——

Fan. Which she will hear from yourself.

Tell. What! to confuse, to doubly torture me!

Fan. She is merciless. (*gives the letter*) At three o'clock we shall expect you: she will take a ride, and you will accompany her.

Tell. I?

Fan. And what will you give me to stay at home, that you may have a tête-à-tête in a handsome vis-à-vis.

Tell. Impossible!

Fan. In a close carriage you cannot escape! You must hear reason! Remember, at three! But you had something to say to me, Sir: what was it?

Tell. Nothing, since my letter is returned.

Fan. Oh, you have no secrets before Mr. Werner.

Tell. None.

Fan. I should have thought otherwise.

Wer. Why so, young woman?

Fan. Winter quarters! Parting rings!

Wer. Hush!

Fan. Give the finger to be rid of the bauble!

Wer. Cannot you take a joke?

Tell. Werner, you should not jest with young women!

Fan. If it was in jest, it's all well.

Tell. If I must come, Fanny, prevail on your lady to read the letter! it will spare me much pain. But, do I see rightly? The letter has been opened!

Fan. Has it! Humph! the seal is broken, but I do not think we have read it. Three o'clock! Mind! And take my advice; powder your hair, and pull off your boots: you look as if you had spent the night on guard.

Tell. Not far from the truth, Fanny.

Fan. We will go to our toilet, and then dine. We would ask you to take a bit with us, but we might lose our appetite; and, though we are in love, we cannot live upon air.

Tell. I'll go! Prepare her for our meeting, dear Fanny! Let me not appear contemptible in her eyes, or my own! Werner, you must dine with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Wer. I'll follow you, Sir. Young woman——

Fan. Now, Mr. Serjeant!

Wer. Would you advise me to dress and powder?

Fan. Humph! You would be none the worse to the eye, but my ears shall be on their guard. Ten fingers to each hand, and as many rings. Hey, Mr. Serjeant!

Wer. Young woman, I was jesting: one ring is sufficient. Do not think me a prating coxcomb! I have a hundred times heard the major say he is no soldier who would deceive a maiden! Now that too is my opinion, young woman: do me justice. I must follow my commanding officer. A good appetite to you! [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.—*Enter* MINNA.

Min. Is Tellheim again flown? I believe I was sufficiently calm to have seen him.

Fan. What I have to say will make you calmer still.

Min. 'Tis well. Every line of his letter spoke an honorable and dignified heart. His rejection of my hand augments my love. He must have seen that his letter had been read. If he do but come! Surely he will? I only complain of his pride, Fanny: to refuse to owe his fortune to the woman he loves is unpardonable, and if he persist——

Fan. You will not renounce him?

Min. Your fears are on the alarm! No, dear Fanny, no man ought to be renounced for a single fault: but I have a plan to plague him in kind.

Fan. Your heart must be quite at ease, dear Madam, if you can think of retaliation.

Min. It is! Come! you have a part to play. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MINNA's *Apartment.*

MINNA *in a rich but elegant Dress, and* FANNY *rising from Table; a Footman clearing away.*

Fanny.

YOU have eat nothing, dear Madam!

Min. I hope to sup with a better appetite!

Fan. We agreed not to speak of the major at dinner, but we should have bargained not to think of him.

Min. I could think of nothing else!

Fan. So I remarked. I might question, but you could not answer. Here comes dear melancholy coffee, to give us the spleen!

Min. Oh, I am not the least splenetic; I only am considering how I shall proceed with the dear offender!

Fan. Take care! the tables may be turned!

Min. Oh, I know him! He rejects me because I am a rich heiress: when he is told I am disinherited and unhappy, worlds would not make him resign me.

Fan. How insatiable are the cravings of self-love!

Min. Moralizer! You have no mercy! Leave the major to me; you shall do as you like with your serjeant.

Fan. *My* serjeant, Madam?

Min. Yes, *yours*; notwithstanding that prim air.

SCENE II.—*Enter* RICCAUT *de la* MARLINIERE.

Ric. *Est il permis, Monsieur le Major*——

Fan. What is that? Who wants us?

Ric. *Parbleu!* I am a mistake! *mais non*; me not mistake, *c'est sa chambre.*

Fan. Whose chamber, Sir? Major Von Tellheim is——

Ric. Dat is de mans!—*Le Major de Tellheim juste, ma belle enfant, c'est lui que je cherche. Où est-il?*

Fan. He has quitted these apartments.

Ric. *Comment?* Vas here to-morrow yesterday, an vas here no more! Vhere he live den?

Min. (*approaching*) Sir——

Ric. *Ah, Madame!* Her ladyship make excuse!

Min. Your mistake is pardonable, and your surprise natural. The major had the goodness to resign his apartment to me.

Ric. *Ah, voila de ses politesses! C'est un très galant-homme que ce major!*

Min. I do not know his present address.

Ric. Not know? *C'est dommage! j'en suis fâché.*

Min. I should have inquired: other friends may call.

Ric. Me vera mucha his friend.

Min. Fanny, do not you know his direction?

Fan. No, Madam.

Ric. Me have great a *nouvelle! Nouvelle de consequence,* dat make him joy.

Min. Sir, I hope to see him soon: it matters not from whom he learns the news, if you will permit me——

Ric. Me understand. *Mademoiselle parle Francois? Mais sans doute; telle que je la vois!—La demande etoit bien impolie; Vous me pardonnerez, Mademoiselle?*

Min. Sir!

Ric. Her latyship not parley vit the French?

Min. In France, Sir, I would attempt it, but not here.

Ric. Vera goot. Me can make understand de Yerman. *Sachez donc, Mademoiselle*—Her latyship shall a vill know me arrive at dinner vit de minister—minister of—vat man call de grande minister of de grande street on de grande square?

Min. I am an entire stranger here.

Ric. *Bon!* De minister of de var *departement:* dere me *mangez* to-day——me *mangez à l'ordinare* vit him—de speak is fall upon Major Tellheim; *et le ministre ma dit, en confidence, car son excellence est de mes amis, et il n'y a point de mystères entre nous*—His excellence shall me say dat de affair of de major is at goot *fin:* he make *rapport* to de king, and de king decide *tout a fait en faveur du major*——*Monsieur, m'a dit son excellence, vous comprenez bien que tout depend de la maniere dont on fait envisager les choses au Roi, et vous me connoissez. Cela fait un très joli garçon que ce Tellheim, et ne sais-je pas que vous l'aimez?*

Les amis de mes amis sont aussi les miens. Il coute un peu cher au Roi, ce Tellheim; mais est-ce que l'on sert les Rois pour rien? Il faut s'entr'aider en ce monde; et quand il s'agit de pertes, que ce soit le Roi qui en fasse, et non pas un honnête-homme de nous autres. Voila le principe dont je ne me départs jamais.—Vat tink my laty of dat?—Is not *son* excellence goot mans? *Ah que son excellence a le cœur bien placé!* He assure me, *au reste,* dat if de major not yet had receive *une lettre de la main du Roi*—a letter of de king, he dis day *infalliblement* shall a vill receive one.

Min. This intelligence will certainly be very agreeable to the major: permit me to tell him the name of the friend, who so kindly sympathizes in his good fortune.

Ric. My laty vill de name?—*Vous voyez en moi*—Her laty-ship in me shall *voyez Le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marliniere, Seigneur de Pret-au-val, de la Branche de Prensd'or*—My laty be astonish to hear me vit so great a *grande famille, qui est veritablement du sang royal. Il faut le dire; je suis sans doute le cadet le plus avantureux que la maison a jamais eu.*——Me in service from a shile: an *affair d'honneur* make me fly. Den me serve de holiness of de Pope, de republic de San Marino, de crown of de Pole, and de State-general, till me come here. *Ah Mademoiselle, que je voudrois n'avoir jamais vu ce pais-la!* Had me serve alway in de State-general, me now be Co-lo-nel *au moins*; but here me stay *Capitaine* for ever, and now a *Capitaine* half on de pay.

Min. That is a pity.

Ric. Oui, Mademoiselle, me voila reformé, et par là mis sur le pavé!

Min. I am very sorry.

Ric. Vous etes bien bonne, Mademoiselle. De merit no meet recompence here. *Reformé* a man so as me! A man who has ruined de service! More dan tousand an twenty *livres* spent in de var. Vat me have now? *Tranchons le mot; je n'ai pas le sou, et me voila exactement vis-à-vis de rien*——

Min. I am sincerely concerned.

Ric. Vous etes bien bonne, Mademoiselle.

Min. (*to* Fanny) I am really sorry for the poor man: would he be offended if I were to offer him a trifle?

Fan. Not if one may judge by his manner.

Min. Sir, I understand you play, and keep a bank; no doubt, on good security. I own that—I too like play.

Ric. Tant mieux, Mademoiselle, tant mieux! Tous les gens d'esprit aiment le jeu à la fureur.

Min. I shall be very happy to place my money in the hands of a person who understands play. Will you, Sir, admit me a sharer?

Ric. Comment, Mademoiselle, vous voulez être de moitié avec moi? De tout mon cœur!

Min. Here is a trifle to begin with.

Ric. *Ah, Mademoiselle, que vous etes charmante!*

Min. Here are only ten pistoles. I am ashamed to give so little!

Ric. *Donnez toujours, Mademoiselle, donnez.*

Min. Your bank, no doubt, Sir, is very considerable?

Ric. Yes; very considerate: ten pistoles? My laty will make win *pour le tiers* von three in my bank! *Je recommence à bien augurer de ma fortune!*

Min. I cannot be present when you play.

Ric. Dat is noting: de player be vera onest vit demselve.

Min. If we are fortunate, Sir, you will bring me my share; but if we lose——

Ric. Me come *pour avoir des fonds!*

Min. The funds in time may fail: take care of our money, Sir.

Ric. Vat her latyship suppose von calf blockhead!

Min. Pardon me, Sir, I only——

Ric. *Je suis des bons, Mademoiselle. Savez vous ce que cela veut dire?* Me no flat!

Min. Yet, Sir——

Ric. *Je sais monter un coup*——

Min. (*astonished*) What?

Ric. *Je file la carte avec une addresse!*

Min. Impossible!

Ric. *Je fais sauter la coupe avec une dexterité*——

Min. Surely, Sir, you will not——

Ric. Vill not! Ha, ha! *Donnez moi un pigeonneau à plumer, et*——

Min. How? Play false? Cheat?

Ric. *Comment, Mademoiselle? Vous appellez cela* sheat? *Corriger la fortune: l'enchainer sous ses doigts, être sûr de son fait,* dat call de Yerman sheat! Oh, vat a *barbare* tongue!

Min. If these, Sir, are your sentiments——

Ric. *Laissez moi faire, Mademoiselle!* Let her be quiet: vat my play be to her? Her latyship see me vit ondred pistoles, or me not see more.——*Votre très humble, Mademoiselle, votre très humble.* [*Exit.*

Min. (*with vexation*) Never more, I hope!

SCENE III.

Fan. (*vexed*) Excellent!

Min. Laugh at me, I deserve it: yet, no.

Fan. You have set a rogue on his legs!

Min. I thought him unfortunate.

Fan. A cheat, who thinks you no better than himself! I must follow him, and get back the money. (*going.*)

Min. Fanny, take your coffee.

Fan. I cannot drink, Madam; my blood is in a ferment.

Merit meets no recompence here! No, or such sharpers would not be at large!

Min. You love the good, Fanny, but have no toleration for the bad: on either side you may err. This Frenchman may be only a boaster, who wished to spare himself the humiliation of thanks. Perhaps he is gone to pay his little debts, and live sparingly on the small remainder: if so, he may return for more funds.

Fan. I own, Madam, I can neither tolerate the vicious nor be severe on the good.

Min. Tellheim will surely come? He should be here.

Fan. Were he wise, he would keep away. So excellent a man to be so unmercifully plagued!

Min. Peace, wrangler: I am inexorable. Beware of desertion to the enemy! Here he comes!

SCENE IV.—*Enter* WERNER, *stiff and formal.*

Fan. No; it is only his amiable serjeant.

Min. Amiable? So, so!

Fan. Spare me, dear lady! Your servant, Mr. Serjeant.

Wer. (*to* Minna) Major Von Tellheim has the honor to present his respectful compliments to the Baroness Von Barnhelm, by me, his former serjeant, and informs her that he will be with her presently.

Min. Where is he?

Wer. Detained by the army-paymaster; and as there is no end to the important nothings, which these gentlemen are pleased to communicate, the major, punctual to a minute, sent me to make a faithful report to your ladyship.

Min. I hope the paymaster may bring good news.

Wer. That is seldom the case. Has your ladyship any further commands?

Fan. Have you nothing to say to me, Mr. Serjeant?

Wer. Not in this place, young woman: it is against decorum; against subordination!

Min. I thank you, Mr. Serjeant, and am happy to know you: Fanny has said much in your praise. (Werner *makes a formal bow and goes off.*)

SCENE V.

Min. Is that your serjeant, Fanny?

Fan. Your *that* is malicious, Madam. Yes, that *is* my serjeant. You find him, no doubt, a little stiff and formal: but he thought himself drawn up on parade, in your presence: and soldiers then really are more like puppets than men. He is in the hall; may I go and chat a quarter of an hour with him?

Min. I am sorry to deny you, Fanny, but—— A thought strikes me. (*taking off her ring*) Take my ring, and give me the major's.

Fan. What is your purpose?

Min. That will be seen.—Somebody knocks! Quick, give it! (*puts on the ring*) It is Tellheim!

SCENE VI. *Enter* TELLHEIM, *powdered and in Shoes.*

Tell. You will excuse this delay, Madam——

Min. You are not under military orders, Major; a pleasure delayed is still a pleasure. (*smiling*) We were very children this morning, Tellheim.

Tell. Yes, to grasp at impossibilities.

Min. We will take a ride and meet my uncle.

Tell. Your uncle?

Min. Yes; an accident brought him suddenly.

Tell. Is Count Bruchsall returned from Italy?

Min. Yes: with peace, he is restored to his country. Be not alarmed, dear Tellheim; we feared he would oppose our union——

Tell. Our union?

Min. But he is your warm friend; the admirer of your virtues: he is eager to see the man his heiress has chosen! He comes as an uncle, a guardian, and a father, to join our hands.

Tell. Ah, Madam, why did you not read my letter?

Min. Your letter! Oh, I recollect! Did we read it, Fanny? What did you write, dear Tellheim?

Tell. Nothing but what honor prescribes.

Min. Which is, never abandon a virtuous woman who loves you. I ought to have read; but I shall hear it from yourself.

Tell. Yes, you shall hear——

Min. The thing speaks for itself! Could you desert me? Is my heart framed to endure insult? I should be the jest of my countrywomen! "That is Minna Von Barnhelm! who, because she is rich, vainly flattered herself the brave Tellheim would marry her! as if the brave could be had for money." Such would be their sneers, for they all envy me your conquest, and do not know I am a tolerably good girl, and not unworthy of your love. Am I, Tellheim?

Tell. I know your countrywomen, Madam! They will greatly envy you the hand of a disbanded, dishonored, crippled and beggarly officer!

Min. All that! Indeed! I heard something of the kind this morning: but evil is never unmixed with good. It is strange they should dismiss an officer of your merit!

Tell. Merit? Peace has made the soldier's arm unnecessary.

Min. You speak as a man ought to speak, who is in no want of the Great. I am very much obliged to them for resigning their claims! I was jealous of sharing you with them. I am your Commander, Tellheim; you want no other master: to find

you no longer in the service is unexpected happiness! But you say you are a cripple? (*Looking at him*) The cripple is yet tolerably sound and straight! At least he looks healthy and strong! My dear Tellheim, if you would beg on the strength of being a cripple, you would be turned from the doors of all, except such kind-hearted girls as myself.

Tell. This, dear Minna, is the language of blindness!

Min. I can hear the words *dear Minna*. Now I think of it, you have some pretension to be a cripple; your right arm is a little lame: but such evils must not be minded. I may be the gainer.

Tell. I am sorry I cannot join your mirth!

Min. Why not? One may laugh, and yet be very serious. Mirth is better than melancholy! As a proof, a laughing friend may view your affairs in a rational light. Because you are dismissed the service, you think yourself dishonored; and, for a slight wound in the arm, you call yourself a cripple! Is not that exaggeration? I dare say you are no more a beggar than a cripple. Your servants have robbed you; your banker perhaps has failed, or you have expended sums on your regiment that you have no hopes of recovering: does that make you a beggar? The sum that my uncle has to return you——

Tell. Your uncle has nothing to return.

Min. The two thousand pistoles, which you so generously advanced on our estates.

Tell. Had you but read my letter, Madam!

Min. So I have, and what you have said is unintelligible to me. So noble an action can never be made a crime! Explain, dear Tellheim.

Tell. You know, Madam, I received orders to levy the strictest contributions on the bailiwicks of your province: to mitigate this disagreeable severity, I advanced the requisite sum.

Min. Ay, ere I had seen you. Your generosity won my heart.

Tell. I had notes of exchange on the states of Saxony, and when peace was signed I placed these notes among the documents of the regiment. They were declared good, but my right was contested! Sneers were my answer, when I declared I had paid the contribution. I was accused of being corrupt, and the notes were seized! Should the money be repaid, it will not be to me! Of this public insult I complain, not of being dismissed, which only forestalled my intention. You are grave, Madam: why do not you laugh? Ha, ha, ha! I laugh!

Min. Desist, dear Tellheim, I conjure you! This is the horrible laugh of misanthropy! You cannot repent of having acted nobly, though you are a sufferer. No; the truth will appear: the testimony of my uncle, of the States——

Tell. Your uncle! The States! Ha, ha, ha!

Min. Your laugh is death to me! If you believe in virtue and Providence, laugh no more. Never were curses more fear-

ful than such a laugh! Taking the worst for granted, if your character is misunderstood, with us it cannot be: if statesmen have the least spark of honor, they will do you justice. Imagine you have lost the two thousand pistoles in a wild hour at piquet: the king has proved an unlucky card, but the queen (*pointing to herself*) will make you amends. Providence is just: the action, which cost you two thousand pistoles, won your Minna. Had you not done this, I should not have sought your acquaintance. You know I came uninvited to the first house where I expected to find you. I came for you alone, determined to love you, though you should be as black as the Moor of Venice: you are not, nor will you, like him, be jealous. Tellheim! Tellheim, you yet resemble Othello! Your heart, like his, is hardened by the phantom *Honor!* you, like him, are wild and stubborn. Look at me! (Tellheim *stands with his eyes fixed*) What are your thoughts? You hear me not!

Tell. (*wildly*) How came the Moor in the Venetian service? Had he no country? Why dedicate his arm and life to a foreign power?

Min. (*shocked*) Where are we, Tellheim? 'Tis time to break off! (*taking his hand*) Fanny! Order the chariot!

Tell. (*breaking from her*) No! I cannot have that honor! Minna, do not distract me quite! While I am master of myself, hear my firm resolution, which worlds could not shake! If fortune have not a lucky card in store——

Min. Tellheim! (*to* Fanny) I should have told him. Why not remind me? Our conversation would have been different, had I before informed you of the news the *Chevalier de la Marliniere* has just brought.

Tell. The *Chevalier de la Marliniere?* Who is that?

Fan. He may be a good man, Sir, but——

Min. Hush, Fanny!——A disbanded officer.

Tell. Ha! Lieutenant Riccaut?

Min. He called himself your friend.

Tell. By what right?

Min. And added, the minister had told him, in confidence, that your affair would have a favorable issue.

Tell. Riccaut and a minister! The army agent assured me his majesty had cancelled the memoir that was presented against me, and required me to give my written word of honor not to leave this place, till formally invited to return to the service: but I see through the artifice! They want me away! Rather will I perish than——

Min. Obstinate man!

Tell. I ask no favor! Justice! honor!

Min. Who can doubt your honor?

Tell. (*warmly*) Madam, your judgment on every other subject is excellent; but not on this. Honor is not the voice of duty, or the consciousness of rectitude.

Min. No, no, honor is—honor!

Tell. If my honor be not freed from the malicious stigma it has received, I never can be yours! for I never can be worthy of you, in the eyes of the world; and Minna Von Barnhelm deserves a man of unsullied reputation. Pure love seeks not gratification at the expence of the beloved object: he, who would owe his fortune to the blind tenderness of a woman, is a despicable wretch!

Min. (*turning from him*) Fanny!

Tell. Are you indisposed, Madam?

Min. (*aside to* Fanny) What do you advise?

Fan. Nothing; he is a little too obstinate!

Tell. (*approaching* Minna) You are unwell, Madam?

Min. (*coldly*) Not in the least, Sir.

Tell. If my love were less sincere——

Min. (*ironically*) Oh certainly! It would be my misfortune!—Love must not be selfish! I do not wish yours! It is well, I was not sincere! Your pity would perhaps have granted what your love denies.

Tell. What mean you, Madam?

Min. No; true love is disinterested, you say? I believe you, Sir: you have too much *honor* not to know what is true affection!

Tell. Are you jesting, Madam?

Min. Here, take the ring with which you pledged your faith. (*offering it*) I wish we had never met.

Tell. What do I hear?

Min. Take it, Sir! A pretty bauble!

Tell. (*taking the ring*) Is it Minna I hear?

Min. You put a conditional clause to our union; I an absolute negative: *your* misfortune is indetermined; *mine* is certain. Farewell! (*going.*)

Tell. Why leave me, dearest Minna?

Min. Sir, your familiarity is now an insult.

Tell. Madam! Whither are you going?

Min. Leave me!——To conceal my tears, false man!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Tell. Her tears? And shall I leave her? (*going.*)

Fan. (*preventing him*) Follow to her chamber! fie!

Tell. She spoke of misfortune?

Fan. Yes; that is, to lose you, after——

Tell. What mystery! Speak, dear Fanny!

Fan. After a sacrifice so great for your sake.

Tell. For mine!

Fan. Listen. You are lucky to be released from your engagements! Why should I be silent? It cannot long remain a secret!—We have eloped! my lady is disinherited, by her

uncle, because she refused an excellent offer. What could we do? We came to seek the person for whom we——

Tell. Enough! Lead me to her feet.

Fan. Are you lunatic? Think of your fortunate escape!

Tell. Girl!——Far from me the mercenary thought! Fanny, you only wished to try me! forgive my impetuosity.

Fan. My lady must not be left alone. Return presently. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Tell. Fanny! I will wait here!—no—I'll seek honest Werner! She cannot refuse her pardon!—Now, Werner, I need your assistance! No, Minna, I am not false. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall:* TELLHEIM *and* WERNER *meeting.*

Tellheim.

AH, Werner! I have sought you every where!

Wer. And I you, Sir; I bring you good news!

Tell. I want money; quick, Werner, bring me all you have, and procure me as much more as you can.

Wer. Ha! I knew you would come to me for others.

Tell. You do not seek an excuse?

Wer. Take with the right hand, give with the left!

Tell. God knows when I shall repay you!

Wer. The treasury has orders to repay you!

Tell. Pshaw! If this were true, should I be the last to hear it?—Werner, money! money, is what I ask!

Wer. I am glad of it: here are the ducats and louis-d'ors!

Tell. Take the louis to Justin, to repay the sum borrowed on the ring; but I shall want much more, Werner!

Wer. Leave that to me! The man, who purchased my bailiwick, lives here in town: it was agreed he should pay all the money in a fortnight; but I can have it now for a trifling interest.

Tell. Thank you, dear Werner! You see, I make you my sole refuge. You shall know all! The lady you saw to-day is in affliction——

Wer. That is bad!

Tell. But, to-morrow, she will be my bride.

Wer. Excellent!

Tell. And the day after we shall quit this city. I will go, be the consequence what it will! You, Werner, if you like, may accompany us. We will serve again.

Wer. Indeed? But what power?

Tell. I know not: of that we have to consider.

Wer. Excellent!——But why not go to-morrow? I will prepare every thing.—In Persia, there is an excellent war! what think you, Sir?

Tell. We shall see.

Wer. Hurrah! Long life to Prince Heraclius! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tell. How changed are my feelings! My own misfortunes oppressed, hers elevate, my soul: again the spirit of enterprise animates me! Why do I delay? (*going.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* FANNY.

Fan. Still here, Sir? What is your pleasure?

Tell. Lead me to Minna!

Fan. She is going out.

Tell. Alone? Without me? Where?

Fan. You forget, Sir!

Tell. I have offended her! but I will atone, and she forgive!

Fan. After taking back the ring, Sir?

Tell. Ha! That was in the perturbation of passion. What have I done with it? Here it is. (*putting it on his finger.*)

Fan. (*aside*) If he would but examine it closer!

Tell. She pressed it on me with a bitterness which I have forgotten. A full heart cannot measure words: she'll not refuse to take it back! Have not I her ring?

Fan. She expects it, Sir. Where is it? Show it me!

Tell. (*embarrassed*) Justin—Justin will bring it me.

Fan. Suffer me to look at this?

Tell. Another time, Fanny: come!——

Fan. (*aside*) He will not see his mistake!

Tell. What said you?

Fan. I say you are mistaken if you think my lady is a good match! her own fortune is inconsiderable, and, if her guardian chooses to charge the expences of her education, it will be nothing! Her expectations lay entirely in her uncle, but this cruel uncle——

Tell. Forget him. Cannot I replace his loss?

Fan. My lady rings. (*going.*)

Tell. I will accompany you.

Fan. Not for the world! Only follow! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tell. Intercede for me, Fanny! What shall I say? The language of the heart needs no preparation. The only thing

which might demand serious reproach is her not immediately owning her misfortune, and throwing herself into my arms. To her heart she must excuse this distrust of my honor and her own worth: mine has forgiven her. Ha! Here she comes!

SCENE V.—*Enter* MINNA *and* FANNY.

Min. The carriage is at the door, Fanny! My fan!

Tell. (*approaching her*) You are going out, Madam?

Min. (*coldly*) Yes, Sir. Oh! you come to return my ring? Have the goodness to—to give it Fanny. Fanny, take the ring from the major. I have no time to lose. (*going.*)

Tell. (*detaining her*) Ah, Madam! Minna, what have I heard! I was unworthy so great a sacrifice.

Min. So, Fanny, you have informed the major——

Fan. All is discovered.

Tell. Oh, Minna, I am not false! in the eyes of the world you may have lost, but in mine you have gained more than worlds could bestow! You were fearful it should influence my love, and wished awhile to conceal your misfortune? I excuse this want of confidence, since it arose from affection! This affection is my pride! You were unhappy, and did not wish to augment my affliction.

Min. This may be very fine! but all is one! You are now free! you have taken back the ring——

Tell. I now am more than ever bound! Receive, a second time this pledge of my faith!

Min. Receive *this* ring?

Tell. Yes, dearest Minna!

Min. What do you mean? *This* ring?

Tell. You first received it when our fortunes were equally prosperous: we are now equally unfortunate; equality is the basis of love. Suffer me, dearest Minna, to—— (*taking her hand to put on the ring.*)

Min. By force, Sir? ——Nothing shall make me take this ring a second time! Think you I want a ring? I wear one as valuable as your own.

Fan. (*aside*) I wish he would look at it!——

Tell. (*letting go her hand*) Madam! I see the Baroness of Barnhelm, but it is not Minna I hear! Can you trifle with my feelings? I see you think it *a bauble!* Pardon me, if I use your own expression.

Min. (*in her natural tone*) Did the word offend you?

Tell. It deeply wounded.

Min. (*moved*) Tellheim, forgive me!

Tell. Ah, this confidential tone tells me that Minna is again herself, that she still loves me.

Fan. (*rejoiced*) The jest had nearly gone too far!

Min. (*authoritatively*) Fanny!

Fan. (*aside and vexed*) Not yet satisfied!

Min. Yes; my coldness was feigned! I will no longer repay your sincerity with artifice! I still love you, Tellheim, but yet——

Tell. Say no more, dearest Minna! (*taking her hand again to put on the ring.*)

Min. I love you, Tellheim, but my resolution is fixed. I thought you were sufficiently oppressed by your own misfortunes. "You would remain here till your honor were perfectly cleared, though you perished."

Tell. This was the language of frenzy! I was a misanthrope; inflexible in pride, till your misfortunes wakened dormant tenderness in my soul. Existence recovered its charms when it became necessary to the being I most loved! For my sake you have renounced friends, fortune, and country! I must replace the loss, or the ruin of the most amiable of women lies on my soul! Do not make me hate myself! No, nothing shall keep me here! From this hour I will treat injustice only with contempt! The world is wide, and I can serve again, though in remote climates. Be consoled, dearest Minna, and share my fortunes: we shall not want! I have a friend who will assist me!

SCENE VI.—*Enter a* Grenadier.

Fan. (*perceiving the* Grenadier) Hush, Sir!

Tell. Who do you want?

Gren. I bring your honor a letter from the king.

Tell. A letter to me?

Gren. As your honor may see.

Min. Fanny! The Chevalier knew what he said!

Gren. I beg your honor's pardon; you should have received it yesterday, but I could not find your honor out. This morning Lieutenant Riccaut told me on the parade.

Fan. So, so! Here is the Chevalier's minister!—"Vat man call de grande minister of de grande street on de grande square!" Ha, ha, ha!

Tell. I am much obliged to you, friend.

Gren. It was my duty, your honor. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Tell. Minna! What does this letter say?

Min. I fear to indulge my curiosity!

Tell. Do you separate our destinies? Why do I delay reading it? It cannot make us more unfortunate; it may perhaps contain good news. Allow me to —— (*breaks the seal and reads.*)

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* Landlord.

Land. (*to* Fanny) A word, my pretty one!

Fan. Mr. Landlord, we do not yet know ourselves the contents.

Land. I am not thinking of the letter! I come for the ring! Your lady must return it; Justin demands it back.

Min. Tell Justin it is in my possession. Be gone!

[*Exit* Landlord.

SCENE IX.

Fan. Dear Madam, take pity on the poor major!

Min. Simpleton! The knot will untie itself.

Tell. (*greatly moved*) Oh Minna, how just, how gracious a sovereign! This is more than I expected! more than I deserved! My fortune, my honor, all is restored! Do I not dream? (*looking again at the letter*) No; my wishes do not deceive me. Read, dearest Minna! Read!

Min. I have not the right.

Tell. The right? The letter is to me! Your Tellheim, Minna! It contains that of which your uncle cannot deprive us. Read! Read!

Min. (*reads.*)

"My dear Major, I have the pleasure to inform you that you have gained your cause. My brother was informed of the truth, and his testimony has honorably acquitted you. The treasury has orders to repay you the sum advanced with interest, and I have torn the memorial your enemies presented against you. Tell me if your health will suffer you to resume the service. I would not willingly lose so brave and noble-minded a man.

"*Your Well-wisher and King.*"

Tell. Well, Minna? What say you to this?

Min. I? nothing.

Tell. Nothing?

Min. Your king is great, and may be good; but he is not *my* king.

Tell. And do not you think of ourselves?

Min. I shall be glad to see you promoted.

Tell. Do you know my heart so little! No; my future hopes and happiness shall center in Minna! To her my life shall be dedicated! To serve the great is dangerous, and does not repay what we have to encounter. Minna despises the vain honors of a court! she loves me for myself, and in her arms I will forget the universe! The enthusiasm of party, and a belief that danger and hardship would teach the honorable man decision and patience, made me a soldier. Necessity alone could have forced me to make a trade of war! This necessity no longer exists, and my whole ambition is to live in happy retirement. With you, dearest Minna, my felicity is certain! To-morrow the most sacred bonds shall unite us, and we will seek some lovely spot, which only wants a happy pair to be a

second Eden; there our days shall glide in sweet——What disturbs you?

Min. It is cruel so to paint happiness, which cannot be mine!

Tell. Cannot! Does the world contain a gem so rare as Minna! You are the loveliest of women! Your heart all innocence and generosity, your temper cheerful and kind! A little obstinate! but so much the better! You were otherwise a saint, whom I must revere, but durst not love! (*seizing her hand.*)

Min. Gently, Sir! So changed? Is this flattering rapturous lover the cold severe Tellheim? Could self for a time only animate him? This sudden ardor demands reflection. You said, I think, that pure love seeks not gratification at the expence of the beloved object? My love is no less disinterested. A great and just monarch calls: shall I suffer you to sigh inglorious at my feet, and reject the honors that await you? No, Sir; better fortune awaits you!

Tell. Since you find the great world has so many charms, Minna, to its vortex we will return: you know but the pleasing side of the picture: could you see the folly, weariness, and instability—but, it is your will, and I submit! Your perfections will every where meet admiration, and my felicity will be envied.

Min. Tellheim; such was not my intention. Your wife must be rich, of unsullied reputation; not a penniless Saxon girl!

Tell. (*wildly*) Who else dare so speak? Ah, Minna, this language from any but you!

Min. Were we married, to this and worse you would be daily exposed! Hear my fixed resolution, Tellheim——

Tell. Minna, recollect! happiness or misery!

Min. As certainly, Sir, as I returned the ring which was the pledge of your faith, and as you received that ring, the *unfortunate* Minna shall never be the wife of the fortunate Tellheim!

Tell. And thus you break every tie!

Min. "Equality is the basis of love." Minna, the rich heiress, lived for the prosperous Tellheim. Minna, though disinherited, might perhaps have ultimately been persuaded to have shared the fate of her unfortunate lover; but this letter has destroyed all equality.

Tell. Indeed! Thank you, Minna! You only will marry the ruined Tellheim? He be yet to be found. (*coldly*) I feel indeed this tardy justice is inefficient; better were it to renounce honor sullied by suspicion so base! Yes! this is the answer I will return. (*going to tear the letter.*)

Min. (*preventing him*) What would you do, Tellheim?

Tell. Obtain your hand.

Min. Forbear!

Tell. Revoke your words, or see it torn!

Min. Tellheim!—Would you make me contemptible? No! "She, who would owe her fortune to the blind tenderness of a man, degrades herself."

Tell. False! Utterly false!

Min. Your own words!

Tell. Sophist! Is the weaker sex dishonored by leaning on the stronger for support?

SCENE X.—*Enter* JUSTIN.

Just. Sir! Sir!

Tell. Well?

Just. A moment, if you please!

Tell. What have you to say?

Just. Only hear, Sir!

Tell. What say you? (*whispers.*) She take it? Speak out!

Just. The landlord says your ladyship took the ring he had, and would not return it.

Tell. Is that true, Madam? It cannot be!

Min. (*smiling*) Why not, Tellheim? Why not?

Tell. Ha! Now I see her infidelity!

Min. (*alarmed*) Whose infidelity?

Tell. I will not name her!

Min. Tellheim!

Tell. Oh, that chance should lend weapons to the faithless! Your artifice has put you in possession of my ring, intending to renounce me!

Min. Tellheim! Be yourself and hear me!

Fan. (*aside*) She may repent the experiment!

SCENE XI.—*Enter* WERNER, *with a Purse of Gold.*

Wer. Here I am, major!

Tell. (*without looking at him*) Who wanted you?

Wer. Here's a thousand pistoles.

Tell. Away! Keep your money!

Wer. It is yours, Sir.

Tell. Away with it, I say!

Wer. What ails you? I am Werner!

Tell. Goodness is a jest! Friendship a mask!

Wer. Is that meant to me?

Tell. As you take it.

Wer. I have only obeyed your orders.

Tell. Obey them now, and be gone!

Wer. Sir! (*proudly*) I am a man——

Tell. A vile species!

Wer. And am subject, like yourself, to gall.

Tell. It is the best thing we have.

Wer. Pray, Sir——

Tell. Once for all, I do not want your money.

Wer. (*throwing it down*) Any body may take it for me!

Min. (*to* Fanny) Fanny! I fear I have carried the jest too far! surely he will hear me!

Fan. (*approaching* Werner) Mr. Serjeant!

Wer. (*out of humor*) Leave me!

Fan. Mercy on us! Men are strange creatures!

Min. Tellheim! Tellheim! (Tellheim, *with his face turned from her, bites his nails with rage*) This is too much! Hear me! You are deceived!—A misunderstanding!——Tellheim! Will not you listen to your Minna? Can you harbour such a thought? I wish to renounce you! I come with that intention!

SCENE XII.—*Enter two* Footmen *on different Sides.*

1*st. Foot.* Madam, his Excellency the Count!

2*d Foot.* The Count is arrived, Madam.

Fan. (*looking through the window*) It is your uncle, Madam!

Min. Is it? Quick! Tellheim!

Tell. (*recovering himself*) Your uncle, Madam, your cruel uncle? Let him come! Still I will protect you!

Min. Embrace me, Tellheim, and forget what has passed.

Tell. If I thought you could repent!

Min. No! I cannot repent, having read your whole heart! Ah, what a man! Embrace your Minna, your happy Minna! but happier still in you! (*falling in his arms*) And now let us go to meet——

Tell. Who?

Min. The best of your unknown friends!

Tell. How?

Min. The Count, my uncle! My flight and his anger are all fictitious. Credulous knight!

Tell. Fictitious? But the ring?

Min. Where is the one I returned?

Tell. Happy man! Here, Minna. (*offering it.*)

Min. Examine it? Is it not the same you intrusted to the landlord?

Tell. Heavens!

Min. Shall I take it back? (*putting it on his finger*) Now, is all right?

Tell. Where am I? (*kissing her hand*) Malicious angel!

Min. I hear my uncle.

SCENE XIII.

Enter the Count, *conducted by the* Landlord, *and Footmen.*

Count. Here am I, dear Minna! But who is this?

Min. Guess, dear Sir!

Count. Not your lover?

Min. Himself! Tellheim! (*presenting him to the* Count.)

Count. Sir, we never met before, but I knew you at a glance. You have my esteem, and I shall be proud of your friendship. My niece, my Minna, loves you——

Min. Yes, my second father! Is my love blind?

Count No, Minna; but your lover is dumb.

Tell. Let me recover myself. Oh, Sir! (*embrace.*)

Count. Good, my Son! your heart can speak if your lips are silent. Lead me to my apartments, Landlord.

Land. This way, your Excellency!

Count. Come, Minna! Come, Major! (*goes off with the* Landlord *and Servants.*)

Min. Come, Tellheim!

Tell. I will follow: two words only to the worthy serjeant.

Min. They ought to be kind! What say you, Fanny?

SCENE XIV.

Tell. Justin, take that purse, and carry it home. (*Exit* Justin

Wer. Good!

Tell. Werner, when can I have the other thousand?

Wer. To-morrow, Sir, to-morrow.

Tell. Offended? (*pressing his hand*) I cannot speak! Who has a sweeter bride or better friend? [*Exit*

SCENE XV.

Fan. Yes, he is a sweet man! I shall not easily again meet his like. (*timidly*) Mr. Serjeant!

Wer. (*wiping his eyes*) Well?

Fan. Mr. Serjeant!

Wer. What do you want, young woman?

Fan. Look at me, Mr. Serjeant!

Wer. I cannot yet. Something floats in my eyes.

Fan. Only look at me!

Wer. I fear I have looked too long. Well, what have you to say?

Fan. Mr. Serjeant, do not you want a wife

Wer. Are you serious, young woman?

Fan. Perfectly!

Wer. Will you go to Persia with me?

Fan. To the world's end!

Wer. Indeed? Holla! Major Tellheim, do no too proud! I have as sweet a bride and as good a friend as yourself. Your hand, young woman! In ten years, you shall either be a widow or a general's lady! [*Exeunt Omnes.*

REMARKS.

This Comedy has been so often declared, by the Germans, the best in their language, that I was determined to give it to the readers of The Theatrical Recorder, which work is intended to be the receptacle of excellence. That it has numerous masterly strokes of passion, and some of humor, and that the author well understood the best feelings of the heart, is true, and to his honor. But passion itself is here verbose: it almost wearies, yet the translation has been freely curtailed by my daughter and myself. Translations must be inferior to excellent originals, for the associations of idiom are seldom common to different languages; especially when comic: the Germans themselves, it is hoped, will not complain of the present version. The episode of the Gambler is quite superfluous, however comic it might be, if well placed. The French is preserved generally as Lessing gave it. Many of the German pieces are intolerable, only because of their length. In this, suspense is immediately enfeebled, by the open ardent love of the lady. The manners of Germany admit, or rather require, the woman to make direct advances, which half shock our customs; of which this comedy, especially the very last scene, is a proof. The impediments raised against the happiness of the lovers are so artificial, so easy to remove, and so certain to be removed, that to create any real and natural interest was impossible. It is true he has made the major a most wayward lover: our only recompence is his truly honorable heart. For characters, like those he has painted, incidents and situations might be found equal to the highest and best species of comedy. Apology for having occasionally omitted passages is scarcely necessary: this a German only will blame. To exchange rings, between young men and women, is to betroth in Germany; therefore, to a German audience, the mistake of the rings is interesting. To put a ring on a single man or woman's finger is to promise marriage.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

(*Continued from Vol. II. No. IX. p.* 189.)

Remarkable Account, by Mlle. CLAIRON, *of the strange Manner in which she supposed herself haunted by a dead Lover: given in a Letter to a Friend, who desired to have it in writing.*

"IN 1743, my youth and my successful efforts at the two theatres, of the grand Opera and the French Comedy, procured me a great number of foolish young lovers and old voluptuaries; and among them other admirers, that were feeling and well bred. *M. de S.* son of a merchant of Britanny, about thirty years of age, handsome, well formed, and with a turn for poetry, was one who was most truly my admirer. His behaviour and discourse spoke a careful education; and his timid reserve, which prevented him from all explanation, except by his attentions and his looks, distinguished him above every other.

"Having long observed him behind the scenes, I permitted him to visit me, and did not suffer him to doubt of my esteem. Finding I had a free and a feeling heart, he was patient, hoping that time would inspire more tender sentiments: and who can say that so it might not have been?

"In candidly answering those questions, which were dictated by reason and curiosity, he himself ruined his hopes. Ashamed of being a trader, he had wasted his substance at Paris, where he affected the man of rank. This displeased me. He, who is ashamed of himself, justifies those who hold him in disdain. He was of a melancholy and misanthropic humor: he knew mankind too well, he said, not to contemn and shun them.

"His project was to live only for me, and to induce me to live only for him. This, as you may suppose, displeased me still more. A flowery wreath might have held me, but I was

not to be chained. I immediately saw the necessity of entirely destoying the consolatory hopes he cherished, and of rendering his daily visits only occasional. My conduct produced a severe illness, during which I paid him every possible attention; but my constant refusal only made the wound more deep.

"Unfortunately, too, for this worthy gentleman, his brother-in-law, to whom he had intrusted all his concerns, left him in such want that he was obliged to accept the little money I could supply to furnish him with medicine and necessaries. He afterward recovered his property, but not his health; and, hoping he would be better if he saw me no more, I refused all his visits and letters.

"From the first of our acquaintance to his death, the time was about two years and a half. In his last moments, he requested the pleasure to see me once again; but my friends and advisers prevented me from taking such a step. His only associates, at his decease, were his servants and an old woman, who had long been with him. At this time, he lodged on the ramparts, near *la Chaussée d'Antin*, where they were beginning to build; and I in *la Rue de Bussy*, near *la Rue de Seine* and the Abbey *Saint Germaine*.

"My mother and several friends used to sup with me. Among my daily guests were an *Intendant des ménus Plaisirs**, who was necessary to me with the gentlemen of the chamber and the comedians; the good *Pipelet*, whom you knew and loved; and *Rosely*†, one of my comrades, a young man of good family, much wit, and great merit. Suppers at that time were more gay, though less magnificent, than they afterward became. I had been singing some charming songs, and my friends were in raptures, when, just as the clock struck eleven, the most piercing cry was heard! Its length and gloomy sound astonished every body! I felt my spirits leave me, and I was nearly a quarter of an hour in a state of insensibility.

"The intendant was in love, and jealous, and when my

---

* Steward of Royal Diversions.

† Also spelled by some Roselly.

senses returned told me, with ill humor, that such signals were much too noisy. I replied, I was my own mistress, and could receive whoever I pleased; signals were therefore useless; and that, which he called a signal, was not of a nature to announce pleasures that could be desirable.

"I was so palid, and trembled and wept so much in my own despite, while I begged the company not to leave me, that it proved how ignorant I was of what had happened.

"There was much reasoning concerning this kind of cry, and it was determined that people should be set to watch in the street, who, should it be heard again, might detect its cause and its author. Every one of my servants, my friends, my neighbours, and the police itself, have heard this cry, continually, at the same hour, under my windows, and seeming to part from the vague air. I rarely supped abroad, but when I did nothing was heard; and frequently, when inquiring concerning it of my mother and servants on entering my chamber, it parted in the midst of us. Once the President *de B.*, with whom I had supped, insisted on seeing me safely home; and, as he wished me good night at the door, the cry was heard suddenly as it were between us. Thus he, as well as all Paris, knew the story; and he returned to his carriage rather dead than alive.

"Another time, I desired *Rosely* to accompany me to *la Rue Saint Honoré*, and afterward to visit *Mlle. de Saint P.*, who lodged near *la Porte Saint-Denis*. As we went, *the whole subject of our discourse was my apparition*, as it was called. Full of intelligence and incredulous, he was struck however at the circumstance, and pressed me to call upon the phantom, promising he would no more be a disbeliever, should it answer. Whether it were weakness or audacity, I did as he desired, and the cry was thrice heard, each time terrible in sound and rapidity. When we came to the door of our friend, the help of the whole house was necessary to take us from the coach, where we both lay insensible.

"For some months after this scene, I heard nothing more, and thought myself for ever at peace. I was deceived.

"The comedians were all summoned to Versailles, to celebrate the marriage of the Dauphin. Here we were to pass three days, and lodgings had not been properly provided. Madam *Grandval* had none: I waited with her till some could be found, and at three o'clock in the morning offered a part of my chamber, which had two beds, and which was situated in the avenue of *Saint-Cloud*. This she accepted, and she being in the little bed, I went to mine. While my woman was undressing herself to sleep by my side, I said to her——"We are here at the world's end, and it is a dreadful night: the cry would be embarrassed to find us in this place."—It was instantly heard! Madam *Grandval* thought hell itself was in the chamber! She ran in her shift from the top of the house to the bottom; in which no person could sleep for the rest of the night. This however was the last time I was disturbed by the cry.

"About a week afterward, when conversing with my friends, the stroke of eleven was followed by the explosion of a gun, under my window. We all heard it, and we saw the fire, yet the window was not in the least damaged! We supposed my life had been attempted, and that precaution was very necessary. The intendant hastened to *M. de Marville*, at that time the Lieutenant *de Police* and his friend, and the houses opposite to mine were immediately visited. They were guarded from the top to the bottom for several days; mine was strictly searched; the street was filled with spies, yet, in despite of all their precautions, during three full months the explosion was heard and seen at the same hour, and striking the same pane of glass, without any person being able to discover whence it came. This fact stands proved in the registers of the police.

"Accustomed now to my apparition, which I thought a good kind of ghost, since it satisfied itself with these legerdemain tricks, and forgetting the hour, being very hot, I opened the window. I and the intendant were resting on the balcony, when eleven o'clock struck: with the hour came the explosion, and we were both thrown to the middle of the chamber, where we lay as if dead.

" Being come to ourselves, feeling no harm, looking at each other, and confessing we had each received, he on the left cheek and I on the right, the most terrible *soufflet*, or slap on the face, that had ever been given, we began to laugh like lunatics.

" On the morrow, nothing. The following evening, being invited by *Mademoiselle Dumesnil* to a little nocturnal festival which she gave at her house on *la Barrière Blanche*, I went with my woman in a hackney coach at eleven o'clock. The moon shone brightly, and the coachman drove on the Boulevards, which began to be covered with houses. We examined the buildings as they passed, and my woman asked, ' Was it not here about that *M. de S.* died ?"—' From what I have heard,' said I, pointing with my finger, ' it must have been in one of the two houses right before us.'——From one of these two houses the same explosion that pursued me was heard: it crossed the carriage, and the coachman drove on, thinking himself attacked by thieves. We arrived at the rendezvous, having scarcely recovered our senses, and for my own part struck with a terror which I long felt.

" This explosion, however, was the last; but to it succeeded a clapping of hands, with a certain redoubled measure. This noise, to which the favor of the public had long accustomed me, escaped long unremarked by me, but not by my friends. ' We have watched it,' said they; ' it is made at eleven o'clock, and at your door; we have heard it, we can see no one, and it must be a continuation of the former.' As the sound had nothing terrible in it, I took no memorandum of its continuation, nor of the harmonious sounds that were afterward heard. A celestial voice seemed to give the subject of the noble and affecting air to be sung. This voice began at the *Carrefour de Bussy*, and ended at my door; and, like the preceding, we listened, we looked, but we saw nothing. In about two years and a half it all ended."

Thus far *Mlle. Clairon.* The number of these miraculous unaccountable tales, that were propagated formerly, seems to be the best proof that the persons, who told them, either in-

tended to deceive, or were themselves under some strong delusion. All inquiries concerning such deceptions are generally vain. Every man of a sane understanding, and especially if he be of a lively imagination, has experienced phenomena of vision, and sound especially, which have been totally inexplicable. Thus, in a fever, particularly, the strongest and sometimes the most horrible forms, whether the eyes be shut or open, will succeed each other in multitudes; and, if the mind be overlabored, when apparently in good health, the same phenomena will occur.

With respect to sound, in the stillness of night, a whisper is liable to be thought thunder, it is so deceptive. There is little difficulty in supposing that one of the friends or lovers of *Mlle. Clairon*, perhaps for his amusement, perhaps for some more selfish purpose, contrived these impositions, for they have all the air of being a contrivance. The manner in which she mentions her fellow-actor, Rosely, makes it highly probable that he was the person; and if we again read the tale with this supposition, aware as we are that no bad consequences happened, we can scarcely read without laughter, though actions like those of endeavouring to terrify are exceedingly reprehensible and immoral, for not only have their consequences been dreadful to individuals, but they tend to confirm the weak in prejudices of a very prejudicial and highly pernicious nature.

Mlle. Clairon ends her tale with an account of an old woman, who came to see her; which old woman was the nurse, that had attended her dying inamorato. If Rosely contrived the trick, he pursued it throughout with humor; for *Mlle. Clairon* supposes herself to have had a very affecting scene with this old woman, who relates the last words of *M. de S.* which were—*Barbarous creature! But she shall gain nothing: I will pursue her as long after my death as I have done during my life.*——The old woman added, *she would have calmed his spirit, but, alas, it was flown.*

Mlle. Clairon was the very woman to imagine that a young gentleman should die for love of her, to tickle her fancy with

that imagination, and to afterward take no little pleasure in the supposition that he thus innocently wreaked his vengeance on her for cruelty, by appearing (to speak ludicrously) in the shape of a sound.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

In a former number of this work, it was regretted that no complete edition of the works of our highly eminent dramatic poet, Foote, had been published; and that so little had been said of him since his death. Happily, a life of him has since appeared, written by Mr. Cooke, which, though not all that might be wished, contains many precious materials for a future biographer, and partly, if not entirely, supplies the dramatic pieces which were omitted in former editions of his works.

From the performance of Mr. Cooke the following abstract is made, for the amusement and information of the reader, but not with any pretence of treating a subject, so worthy of biography, with that accuracy and research which it deserves.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro, about the year 1720. His father was a useful magistrate and revenue officer, and his mother a descendant of the Rutland family, and the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, baronet. She was also the sister of Sir John Dinely Goodere, and of Samuel Goodere, captain of his majesty's ship Ruby, who, by an act of the most horrid and treacherous assassination, murdered his brother Sir John, was executed for the crime, and thus left the mother of Foote a family heiress. In face and person she was the model of her son the poet, short, square, and with an eye that eternally gave the signal for mirth and good humor. The mind of her son was congenial, and appears to have been greatly influenced by imitating in her that which he admired. His tricks of humor were early displayed: he was educated at one of the three principal grammar schools in the city of Worcester, which was superintended by Dr. Miles, a man eminent in the discharge of his duties, and the particular friend of his pupil's father. Many stories are told of Foote

while a pupil at this school; such as leading scholastic rebellion, blacking his master's face while asleep, forming artificial earthquakes, and others, which did not however prevent him from becoming famous for his classical acquirements.

When at home, during a Christmas recess, a man was brought before his father, and charged with a bastard child. After dinner this charge was the topic of conversation. Foote, then between eleven and twelve, said——"I foresee how this business will end, and what the justices will have to say."——"Indeed!" replied his father with surprise. "Well, Sam, let us hear."

The young mimic, then dressing up his face in imitation of Justice D. made a speech in his name, and adopted his phraseology. He next assumed the person of Mr. Justice A. and personated them both with so much humor and discrimination of character as to set the table in a roar. His father good humoredly demanded why he, being of the quorum, was omitted? Foote would have declined to mimic his father, but, being earnestly requested and encouraged, he gave a portrait that was equally faithful.

From Worcester school he was removed to Worcester college, under the care of Dr. Gower, who was the provost. This good doctor was much of a pedant, and pedantry was an irresistible subject of humor to Foote. He is said to have played him many tricks, one of which was that of causing a cow to ring the parish bell at midnight, by the means of tying a bunch of hay, at a proper height, to the end of the bell-rope, which hung in the outside porch of the church. This alarmed the sexton, the whole parish, and the doctor at their head: spectres were seen walking the church-yard, and the alarming demon was at length detected, by catching the cow by the tail in the dark.

Leaving college, he entered himself of the Temple, lived in handsome chambers, enjoyed a well-furnished library, and passed through the necessary forms to become a barrister. He is reported, by those who still remember him there, to have been at this time a great beau, and one of the most distinguished wits who frequented the Grecian and the Bedford; two coffee-houses

that were the resort of young templars, and men of dramatic genius. The Bedford principally laid claim to dramatic criticism, when that science bore a much prouder and more just rank, in the circle of literature, than it does at present.

Dr. Barrowby, a famed dramatic critic of that day, spoke of him, as we are told, in the following terms——"He came into the room in a frock suit of green and silver, bag-wig, sword, bouquet and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody knew him; but he soon entered boldly into conversation, and by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and his unembarrassed freedom of manners, attracted the general notice. The buz of the room went round——'Who is he? Whence comes he?'——which nobody could answer until, a handsome carriage stopping at the door to take him to the assembly of a lady of fashion, they learned from the servants that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple."

Here he continued but a few years, yet long enough to exhaust a fortune that was said to be considerable, and sufficient to have made him independent of any profession, had it not been for the dissipation and extravagance of dress, high living, and the gaming-table, which impelled him to think of the stage.

He had already made the art of acting a critical inquiry, and when the quarrel of Fleetwood with his actors induced Macklin to collect a company of performers for the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, Foote joined him, and on the 6th of February, 1744, appeared in the character of Othello. His second attempt was the character of Lord Foppington, in the Relapse; but in both these characters, as well as in that of *Pierre*, in Venice Preserved, he failed. The next winter he engaged himself at Drury-lane theatre, and abandoning tragedy, in which he found himself unsuccessful, he performed Fondlewife, Sir Paul Pliant, Bays, and others, and met with general applause.

With this, however, he was not thoroughly satisfied: he was conscious of powers that were fitted for higher pursuits; and, after well considering how to employ them, he determined at once to come forth as author and performer. In the spring of 1747

he opened the theatre in the Haymarket, with a piece written by himself, called *The Diversions of the Morning*. Several well-known characters were introduced in this comic sketch, and at the latter part of it, assuming the character of a theatrical dictator, he gave a ludicrous exhibition of several of the principal performers. His success was great, but it was interrupted by the alarmed managers of the other theatres, who, under the sanction of an act of parliament, shut up his house. To evade this act he published the following advertisement:

"Mr. Foote's compliments to his friends and the public, and "hopes for the honor of their drinking tea with him at the "Little Theatre in the Haymarket, every morning, at play-"house prices."

The whim and novelty attracted crowds to the theatre, ignorant of what they were to expect, till Foote came forward, bowed, and informed them, "that, as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission (while *tea* was *getting ready*) proceed with his instructions before them." This evasion was successful, his wit and humor were irresistible, and he gave tea forty mornings to crowded and splendid audiences.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF ACTING.

(*Continued from Vol.* II. *No.* IX. *p.* 194.)

CHAP. VIII.

I CANNOT too often repeat that, to be a performer approaching perfection, every performer must well understand the different purposes of the play; as a whole, and each act and scene individually.

The purpose of the second act of Hamlet is to pourtray the mutual suspicion that has been conceived, by Hamlet and the King; with the means that each projects for the detection of each. Polonius, Rozencrantz, and Guildenstern, are the princi-

pal instruments of the king: the arrival of the players suggests a means of discovery to Hamlet.

When he first appears, in this act, oppression of mind, and an aversion to be interrupted and teased by questions, are strongly marked in the scene with Polonius. He only feigns distraction of thought, to avoid the familiar chit-chat which is odious to a soul preyed upon by such horrid doubts and fears. He is pettish, but he never forgets he is a gentleman. Having been satirical, he palliates his satire by urbane explanation. Interrupted a second time, by Polonius, he is more severe: but he compassionately appears to *quote* severity. When the fawning old courtier declares——

Polonius. My honorable Lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life——

the repetition of this, "*except my life,*" is in as deep a tone of pathos as a transition so sudden will admit: it should be carefully studied, and varied with increasing depression; and it would then produce strong compassion.

The conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is friendly; tinged, on the part of Hamlet, with the corroding of recollection; but otherwise unreserved, till they both exclaim, when he asks them to come to court, "*We'll wait upon you.*" He then slightly suspects, begins to watch as well their eyes as their words, and at last is confirmed that they are set as spies upon his conduct. From that moment, he holds them in contempt; which contempt is forcibly and admirably expressed, in the course of the play, still however with a noble dignity, which degrades their characters but elevates his own. In this, as in every other scene of Hamlet, the discriminating actor will make transitions, more perhaps than can be described in words; or so many that it would require great labor to study them, and volumes perhaps to show on what associations of the mind they depend.

The two scenes with the players may, perhaps, be called the

trial of Hamlet; for the task is imposed upon him of instructing them and showing with what superiority the real and native passion rises above the utmost stretch of art. This is indeed a task. The accusation of Hamlet against himself, that the feigned passion of the player should exceed the feelings that almost render him frantic, is admirably conceived, by the poet; but it is seldom expressed, by the performer, so as to convey the heart-felt the burning indignation of Hamlet, first against himself, and afterward against the king. I will insert this speech, as I have done others, with such aids as may this way be given to the students; for it is the climax of the scene of Hamlet, and of the act. Indeed there is scarcely a speech in the tragedy of greater passion or stage effect. Some lines, that were written by Shakspeare, are here omitted, because they are seldom spoken on the stage.

Hamlet.

Indignation.
O, what a *wretch* and *peasant slave* am I!
Is it not *monstrous*, that this *player* here,

Increasing admiration.
But in a *fiction*, in a *dream* of passion,
Could force his *soul so* to his own conceit,
That, from *her working*, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, *distraction* in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his *whole function* suiting

Amazement.
With forms to his conceit? And all for *nothing!*
For *Hecuba!*
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

Horrid recollection.
That he should weep for her? *What would he do,*
Had *he* the *motive* and the *cue* for passion
That I have? He would *drown the stage with tears,*
And *cleave* the general ear with *horrid speech;*
Make *mad* the *guilty*, and *appal* the *free*,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Surprize and bitter self-reproach.
It cannot be
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lack gall
To make *oppression bitter;* or, *ere this,*
I should have fatted all the *region kites*

Horror and abhorrence.
With this *slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!*
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Indignation rising to frenzy in self-contempt.

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father *murder'd*,
Prompted to my *revenge* by *heaven, and hell*,
Must, like a *whore*, unpack my heart with *words*,
And fall a *cursing*, like a very *drab*,
A *scullion!*

Pause. Fie upon't! *Foh!*

Recollection.

About, my brains! Hum! I have heard,
That *guilty* creatures, sitting at a *play*,
Have, by the very *cunning* of the *scene*,
Been struck *so to the soul*, that presently
They have *proclaim'd their malefactions:*

Horror. For *murder*, though it have *no tongue*, will speak

Horrid hope.

With most *miraculous organ.* I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his *looks*;

Revenge. I'll *tent* him to the *quick;* if he do *blench*,

Doubt increasing to terrific alarm.

I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a *devil*: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is *very potent* with *such spirits*)

Terror. Abuses me to *damn me:* I'll have grounds

Resolution.

More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN STAGE.

(*Continued from Vol.* II. *No.* IX. *p.* 202.)

SCHROEDER, who at present justly enjoys the reputation of one of the first actors in Germany*, in 1780 travelled into France and Italy, to trace the progress of his art, and enrich his country by his remarks. He is the first German actor who has visited Paris solely with the design to acquaint himself

* In 1782. He lives at present, or lately lived, near Hamburg, retired from the stage, and one of the proprietors of the German theatre in that city.

with the French stage, whose generally acknowledged superiority has restricted the limits of that art in almost all nations*.

The year 1781 was fatal to the German theatre, for Lessing was lost to it in that year.

The company of Doebbelin, at Berlin, were the first who paid, to the manes of this great man, that tribute of homage and gratitude which every German actor owes his memory: The 24th of February was the day on which they chose to fulfil this sacred duty.

As the curtain rose, a mausoleum, magnificently adorned, was beheld on the stage, in the center of which were the tomb and portrait of Lessing. The actors and actresses, who surrounded it clothed in mourning, performed no studied part, when they appeared to be deeply affected: sorrow was faithfully painted on their countenances, and a mournful silence prevailed, till it was interrupted by solemn and affecting harmonies, composed by the famous George Benda; after which Mademoiselle Doebbelin pronounced a discourse, in German verse, which we literally translate.

"He is no more! The poet whom you admire, the daring "creator of Emilia Galotti, who knew so well the language of "understanding and passion, whose imagination was guided "by the light of pure taste, whose genius was almost inimitable and was crowned with glory! Alas, he is no more! To-"day, he but receives the just tribute of our tears: the effu-"sions of our hearts all end in deep regret. Why was he not "rather an English than a German poet? Then would he "have been entombed near the sepulchres of kings, and his "monument would have remained the eternal admiration of a "people alive to the beautiful and the sublime. Be it then "permitted to a German actress, in this metropolis, to bathe "the urn that contains the ashes of this great man with her "tears! Incompetent as I am to appreciate his genius, I can

* The meaning of this is not clear, and when developed is false; but the author who wrote it lived in Paris, and either believed it to be true, or willingly administered the flattery which all nations love.

" but admire. The very flowers, with which I would strew " his urn, were all faded by his parting breath."

After this discourse, which was delivered with great feeling, Emilia Galotti was performed. The actors, on that day, appeared all in black; though perhaps they ought not to have departed from the proper costume, even on that occasion. We imagine that the most certain mode, to honor the memory of this great poet, would have been to have neglected nothing which could give reality to the drama. Be that as it may, this singularity, succeeding as it did the affecting ceremony that had been performed, gave less offence than might have been expected.

Independent of a number of small companies, that traverse Germany, there are five distinguished theatres, established at Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Mannheim, and Dresden. Most of the actors belonging to them are people of talents. To pay to each individual the praise that may be due, in this abstract, would be tedious; and merely to name them, to persons by whom their talents are unknown, would appear insignificant. Let it suffice to say, that, the majority of them are worthy of the esteem which they have acquired, as well from an indefatigable study of the human heart, which alone can truly teach theatrical declamation, as by their decent and regular conduct.

The Theatrical Almanack, printed at Gotha, this year [1782] enumerates more than three hundred living authors, who write or have written for the theatre. We have named but few, and among them are Brandes, Gotter, Goethe, Lessing, Reichardt, Weisse, and Wieland. To these may be added Bertuch, Bock, Engel, the Baron Von Gebler, Leisewitz, and Wezel. Our limits do not permit us to enlarge on the merits of the authors we have named, nor to say any thing of those whom we omit with regret. Imperfect as this chronological abstract of the German theatre must be allowed to be, it is still sufficient to give a general idea of the progress of our stage, and of the different revolutions it has sustained, since its origin. The intention of the writer has been not to catalogue the chef-d'œuvres and models of the dramatic art, but to inform readers

concerning a branch of German literature, relative to which their ideas might be vague and perhaps disadvantageous. This subject is the more precious, and worthy of attention, because that, from the dramatic productions of a nation, its manners and character may be estimated.

In every branch of literature, art, and science, and in poetry from the heroic to the epigram, Germany is possessed of master-pieces, which perhaps may challenge those of other nations. In the dramatic art, should it be thought inferior, let the obstacles that have been alleged be recollected. It must also be considered that, in consequence of the Germanic constitution, men of letters are dispersed in innumerable small towns, where they labor without hope of reward, and more remote than in any other country from the great intercourse of life.

These things considered, their progress in the dramatic art cannot but astonish the man of candor.

They have treated domestic tragedy in a superior manner, and it has been more successful in Germany than when in heroics. As it is a faithful picture of common life, the persons that are represented, no doubt, affect us more, because that the interest which we take in every thing is increased in proportion as we ourselves are liable to the same misfortunes.

In reading German pieces, it will not be difficult to remark, that, our theatre keeps the midway between that of the French and that of the English. It leans to the former by the observation of the unities, and to the latter by the masculine and bold touches with which the characters are pourtrayed, and by the energy of the passions. In general, the German tragedies present fables more forcible, pictures more terrible, and details more circumstantial, than, according to the national taste, are dared to be represented in France. The German desires thoroughly to know the virtues and misfortunes of the hero, to understand the motives of his great actions, the occasion of his fall, and to be acquainted with his whole conduct and sentiments. For this purpose he would read his heart, observe the progress of his passions, and will patiently listen to the smallest traits that can make him understand them.

Hence it results that the poet finds it necessary to represent those events, which in France are known only from recital; for which reason the interest is more lively, the action more varied, and the characters of confidants become either useless or very brief. When each character is seen under those terrible situations, where they have to contend with fate and the passions, the impression made is much more strong: the spectator then better understands a picture which he beholds, than that which is feebly and languidly described.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

ONE evening, when there were very few persons in the house at the Italian Comedy, Columbine having a secret to whisper—Harlequin said to her—"Speak out, foolish girl! here is nobody to hear you."

The Italians were forbidden the use of music, on which a pretended ass was brought upon the stage, purposely to bray. "Silence! insolent rascal," said Harlequin; "music is forbidden here."

Crébillon, the tragic author, being afflicted with a dangerous disease before he had finished his Catiline, his physician, *M. Hermant*, requested he would leave him the two first acts of that piece, which were then perfect. *Crébillon* replied by quoting a well-known line from his tragedy of Rhadamistus.

Ah! doit on hériter de ceux qu'on assassine?
Shall my assassin be my heir?

While the *Abbé Bruyes* was in the country, the actors reduced *Le Grondeur*, a Comedy that he had given them, from five acts to three, and it had great success. He however was enraged: "Gentlemen," said he, "you have mutilated and disfigured my comedy! I made it a watch, you have turned it into a smoke-jack!"

MISCELLANIES.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AN account of the riot which happened here at Mr. Dowton's benefit was given in the last number; in addition to which the following letter is added, as a characteristic document of ignorance, of the transaction itself, and of the illiberal opinions that have long prevailed concerning the profession of an actor.

"SIR, August 14, 1805.

"'Tis From an *Intemation*, which we have received as Announced to the Public In General, that You Intend Bringing forth A piece Next thursday Evening, wich tends to *Redicule* and jest the trade of Taylors, an attempt wich *as* Been made twice on Former Occasions, By Quick and Fossett, and No oftener attempted, than *as* Been Baffled By the Vigorous Exertions of that Honourable trade which you now attempt to set forth as Public Sport, although *Meebanicle* Men, Far beyond the *Redicule* of the Stage, or so Low a Class, I am Astonished that Men of Public Character, Men that *is* Deem'd Vagabonds By the Law, should attempt to *redicule* A trade So Ancient and Honourable a Date, and I Cannot Help Expressing My Sorrow that So many *Witts* wich *as* Amused the Pnblic for such a Length of time, *is* so Empty of Matter, as to have no Other Amusement for your Audienc *then* that which is Announced, All that I have Inform you of is, that if you will *possist* In Bringing forth this piece next thursday Evening or Any Future period, it will meet with that Reception, wich the piece Merits, and I think I can Promise You what is Very Desirable to A New Piece, that is a Full House (of those Men which you have so Wisely attempted to Sport on.)

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"THE SOCIETY OF *GERNY* MEN TAILORS

"Held at the Fountain tavourne, Clare-street, Clare Market."

On Monday, Aug. 26, the above theatre was shut up, because of the death of the Duke of Gloucester, his majesty's late brother; and did not open again till September the 5th. It closed on the 14th of the same month, after a successful season, when Mr. Mathews delivered the following address:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am deputed by the proprietors of this theatre, to assure you that their gratitude is not inferior to the uncommon success which has attended their efforts to obtain your patronage.

"The partnership, now formed in this property, was established at so late a period in the spring, that scarcely sufficient time remained, to make ready all those varieties of amusement, with which it was their wish to present you; they flatter themselves, however, that the very ample encouragement bestowed on their endeavours this season, is some proof of their having been strenuous to effect all that the nature of circumstances could admit; and they feel it incumbent upon them to redouble their activity for your future entertainment, when more time will be allowed for preparation.

"The performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg leave to join their very grateful acknowledgments to those of the proprietors, and we most respectfully bid you farewell."

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The season is here begun, and under those auspices of regularity which there is every reason to suppose will bring it profit and honor. It opened on the 14th, with The Country Girl; Peggy by Mrs. Jordan, who constantly maintains her inimitable comic humor. Her art is so fascinating that it makes her appear to be the very child of Nature. She steps boldly forth, at the beginning of the season, at once to serve the theatre and delight the public.

Hitherto the house has been tolerably well filled, every night since it has been opened. Mr. Stephen Kemble, the manager of the company at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has again appeared in Falstaff, and with great credit to his talents. His manner is easy, and highly pleasant; and the marks of discrimination, which he so frequently displays, show that he is entitled to personate this rich but most difficult character.

Mr. and Mrs. Dormer have made their first appearance, by performing Gibby and Flora in the Wonder. They were both well received, and Mr. Dormer spoke so articulately, and so well assumed his character, as to give good assurance of becoming a useful actor.

The young Roscius is advertised at the head of other great names; Mr. Braham, Signora Storace, *Mlle. Parisot*, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siddons, some of whom are announced as hereafter to appear in the novelties that are preparing. Messrs. Bannister, Elliston, Wroughton, Johnstone, Miss Duncan, and other favorites of the public, have already appeared with their

customary success. All persons belonging to the theatre seem to be highly satisfied that Mr. Graham continues to superintend the concern. Mr. Wroughton is again the sub-manager, and it might be difficult to find a person better fitted for the employment.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

Opened, on the 16th, with the new comedy of The School of Reform, and the musical piece of The Padlock; in which last Mr. Bennet, of the Bath theatre, made his first appearance in Don Diego. He has a bass voice, is acquainted with the stage, and promises to be a very respectable performer.

It is with pleasure we read that Mrs. Siddons is again engaged.

A Miss Smith, also from Bath, is soon to make her appearance, and great expectations are formed of her. May she exceed them all! We understand she excels in genteel comedy, and this would indeed at present be a great acquisition to Covent-garden.

Among the performers engaged are Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, Mr. Byrne, and his surprising and delightful boy, Oscar Byrne, Mr. Liston, who performed at the Haymarket, and Miss Lupino, from St. Petersburg. It is to be hoped that she has not taken so long a journey in vain. Master Betty is also announced.

Miss Tyrer has appeared at this theatre, with success. Her voice, as a singer, is remarkably good; but her figure is perhaps such as was scarcely ever before seen on the stage. It is extremely short, fat, and round; and, when she danced with Fawcett, singing a duet in The Cabinet, the effect was irresistibly burlesque: yet at the same time so whimsical that it was exceedingly pleasant. Were parts imagined for her, such as the wife of *Sancho Panza*, or the renowned *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the effect might be to the highest degree ludicrous.

At both theatres, the season opens well; and Covent-garden is also provided with a strong and excellent company.

As a proof how exceedingly warm the admirers of Miss

Smith are, the following Sonnet is inserted, which was sent by a correspondent, with the signature annexed.

SONNET,

Respectfully addressed to Miss SMITH, *of the Theatre Royal, Bath, and late of the Birmingham Theatre.*

"Enchantress sweet!" O turn aside those orbs
Celestial, yet unsparing——That bright beam,
Darting resistless, all my soul absorbs,
Cheating my aching sense in Fancy's mazy dream.

Hush'd be that voice harmonious!——Those tones,
Inspiring bliss, and woe—and hopes, and fears,
Be mute!——Let me not hear that shriek, those groans,
Lest my time-furrow'd cheek be stain'd with woman's tears.

Ah, Sorc'ress fair! vain is this weak desire,
Vain is the pray'r thy dang'rous charms to shun;
O turn again those orbs of liquid fire,
And bless me with the light by which I am undone.

Let me but feel again the lightning of thine eye,
And hear thy magic voice—then let me, peaceful, die!

Wolverhampton. F.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

A very obliging and useful correspondent writes, that, the theatre at Birmingham closed September 13, after a season which, but for the exertions of children, would have been very indifferent. Cooke himself was deserted.

We forbear to insert what this gentleman says further, for it relates to a Miss Mudie, of whom we have heard and read such very contradictory and totally irreconcileable accounts, that candor demands judgment should be suspended; especially since we are informed, from what is supposed to be authority, that she is to appear at Covent-garden.

Is it not extraordinary that the world should thus run childishly mad; and that such should be the rage as to induce country managers to raise the price of admission, when *children* perform? Miss Fisher (advertised to be aged 12 with a fraction) condescended, however, to play a few nights, at Stourbridge and Worcester, at the regular prices.

This public delusion, though tolerably harmless, is exceedingly strange! yet, it appears to have been no less strange in the time of Shakspeare; as the following dialogue, in the second act of Hamlet, shows:

Rosencrantz. But there is, Sir, an aiery of children, little eyases*, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to controversy.

No man can mistake what the feelings of Shakspeare were: while he restrained them, he was indignant. To make boys and children play tragedy, ay even Richard and Hamlet, is indeed to make them *cry out on the top of the question.* But it is folly to talk to a mob, be the members of that mob who they may: the hubbub is too great for the small still voice of reason to be heard.

The same correspondent adds that a *phantasmagoria man,* in the country, professed himself to be in possession of *the real phantasmagoria*; he therefore respectfully solicited the attendance of the gentlemen, the ladies, *and the inhabitants.* He and his spirits, however, were obliged to decamp, in the night; which could be no great inconvenience to the hobgoblins, who we may suppose could travel at any hour, and any rate.

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* *Eyases:* scarcely out of the egg.

COSTUME.

No opportunity has occurred of giving a stage dress for the last month; and the Editor is in doubt whether he shall not oblige many subscribers by some change in the embellishments, which are given with this work: not of the costume of nations, for that is certainly congenial to dramatic research, but in the stage dresses. The Indian costume of the present number contains,

A *Peada*, or Footman, differing from the *Hircarrah*, as the name is applied to those who are hired on the occasion.

A *Clashee*, or Sailor, employed in the inland navigation. Natives who are in the artillery have also this name.

A *Syce*, or Groom, to attend and run by the side of horses.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. is respectfully informed that, were The Theatrical Recorder to admit Pieces which have been rejected by the Managers, it would frequently place the Editor in a most painful predicament; as his decision would be thought perhaps much more unjust, or presuming, than that of the managers themselves. He is kindly thanked for his theatrical anecdote, which shall appear.

The Hill Top correspondent *claims every attention.*

F. will already have seen a proper *answer.*

LISTS OF THE COMPANIES OF THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

*** As several names are distinguished by *Italics* and CAPITALS in these Lists, the writer fears some may have been omitted that deserve to be so marked; but, if so, it has been from ignorance. Should more performers be engaged, their names shall be given hereafter.

DRURY LANE.

Mr.	Mr.	Mr.	Mrs.
BANNISTER.	Fitzsimmons.	Tokeley.	Johnstone.
Barrymore.	Gibbon.	Webb.	Jones
Bartley.	Grimaldi.	Welsh.	JORDAN!!!
BRAHAM.	*Holland.*	*Wewitzer.*	Kelly, Miss
Chatterly.	JOHNSTONE.	WROUGHTON.	Maddocks.
Cherry.	*Kelly.*	*Young Roscius.*	Mathews.
Collins.	Malo.	Mrs.	MELLON, Miss
Cooke.	*Mathews.*	Ansell.	Menage, Miss
Danby.	Maddocks.	BLAND.	MOUNTAIN.
De Camp.	*Palmer.*	Boyce, Miss	*Pariset, Mad.*
Dignum.	*Powell.*	Bristow, C. M.	POPE, Miss
Dormer.	Purser.	Cuyler.	POWELL.
DOWTON.	*Raymond.*	DE CAMP, Mis.	Scott.
ELLISTON.	Rhodes.	Dormer.	*Sharp*, Miss
Evans.	Russell.	DUNCAN, Mis.	H. SIDDONS.
Fisher.	*Siddons, H.*	Fisher, Miss	*Sparks.*
Fisher, C.	Sparks.	Gardner.	STORACE, Sig.
		Holloway, Mis	Tidswell, Miss

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Abbot.	Mr. Field.	Mr. *Simmons.*	Mrs. Frederick.
Atkins.	*Hargrave.*	Street.	Gaudry.
Bennett.	Harley.	Taylor.	*Gibbs.*
Beverly.	Hill.	Truman.	*Glover.*
Blanchard.	Hull.	Waddy.	Humphries.
Blanchard, T.	*Incledon.*	Wilde.	Iliff.
Bologna, L.	Jefferies.	Mrs. *Atkins.*	JOHNSTON.
Brunton.	*Johnston.*	Benton.	Leseove, Miss.
Burne.	KEMBLE!!	Beverly.	LITCHFIELD.
Byrne.	*Kemble, C.*	Bologna.	Lupino, Miss.
Byrne, O.	King.	Bologna, Miss.	Margeram, M.
Chapman.	Klanhert	*Brunton*, Miss.	*Martyr.*
Claremont.	Lee.	Byrne.	MATTOXS.
COOKE!!	LEWIS.	Castelle.	Price.
Creswell.	Lewiss.	Cox.	Ratchford, Mi.
Davenport.	Menage.	*Davenport.*	Searle, Miss.
Denman.	MUNDEN.	Davies, Miss.	*St. Ledger.*
Dubois.	*Murray.*	Dibdin.	SIDDONS!!!
Dubois.	Powers.	Dibdin, Miss.	*Smith*, Miss.
EMERY.	Ratchford.	Emery.	*Tyrer*, Miss.
Farley.	*Rock.*	Findlay.	Waddy, Miss.
FAWCETT.	Sarjant.	Follet.	Watts.
			Whitmore.

MONTHLY LIST, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

HAYMARKET.

SEPT.

5. The Three and the Deuce - - - - The Dead-Alive, and Tom Thumb.
6. Wild Oats - - - - - - - - - - - - Katherine and Petruchio.
7. The Mountaineers - - - - - - - - Tom Thumb.
9. A Cure for the Heart-ache (Benefit. Mrs. Gibbs) - - - - - - - - - - Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.
10. The Follies of a Day - - - - - - Tom Thumb; and Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.
11. The Liar - - - - - - - - - - - - Tom Thumb; and Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.
12. The Three and the Deuce (Benefit. Mr. Elliston) - - - - - - - - - Who's Afraid? Blue Devils, and The Hunter of the Alps.
13. Love Laughs at Locksmiths - - - Tom Thumb; and Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.
14. Ways and Means - - - - - - - - Tom Thumb; and Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.
16. Douglas (Benefit. Mr. Waldron) - The Sultan, and The Spoiled Child.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

SEPT.

14. The Country Girl - - - - - - - - The Irishman in London.
17. The Honey Moon - - - - - - - - The Spoiled Child.
19. The Wonder - - - - - - - - - - No Song No Supper.
21. King Henry the IVth - - - - - - The Lying Valet.
24. Romeo and Juliet - - - - - - - - Matrimony.
26. King Henry the IVth - - - - - - The Citizen.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SEPT.

16. The School of Reform - - - - - - The Padlock.
18. The Blind Bargain - - - - - - - The Review.
20. The Cabinet - - - - - - - - - - The Midnight Hour.
23. The Mountaineers - - - - - - - - The Poor Soldier.
25. The Wheel of Fortune - - - - - - Dermot and Kathlane, and The Jew and the Doctor.
27. The English Fleet - - - - - - - - Animal Magnetism.